GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

OCT 16 193

The New Statesman and Nation, October 5, 1935

LOW and "CRITIC" on the BRIGHTON CONFERENCE

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. X. No. 241 (New Series) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	433
"ELASTICITY" AND THE COVENANT	435
U.S.A. AND THE LEAGUE CRISIS. By Frank Darvall	436
THE BRIGHTON FRONT	438
THIS ENGLAND	439
POLICE METHODS	440
SANCTIONS AND CENTRAL EUROPE	441
PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE. By Y. Y.	442
CORRESPONDENCE	443
From A Socialist; Pleb; A. J. Marshall; C. H. Norman; Incorrigible Optimist; Sir Leo Chiozza Money; Gerald Bullett.	
WATER AND THE WHITE MAN. By J. Vijaya-Tunga	445
DELIUS AT COVENT GARDEN. By W. J. Turner	445
PLAYS AND PICTURES	446
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	448

REVIEWS:	Page
Paveto. By Raymond Mortimer	450
A Good European. By Elizabeth Wiskemann	452
New Novels. By Peter Quennell	453
Haig. By Harold J. Laski	454
John Bailey. By Hugh Kingsmill	456
Attitudinising. By Edith Oliver	456
Portrait of the Artist. By Richard Church	458
Houses and the Community. By Irene T. Barclay	460
Mr. Eliot. By A. Desmond Hawkins	460
SHORTER NOTICES	462
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	464
CROSSWORD	465
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador	468

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

NEWS comes, as we go to press, that Mussolini has begun his invasion of Abyssinia, and that his bombing planes are already over Adowa. If the Duce is content with a spectacular march and a bombing exhibition no one doubts that he can for the moment have his way; if he means to subjugate Abyssinia the resistance of the tribesmen, aided by the economic sanctions of the League, may upset his calculations. How long can his precarious economic and financial position stand the colossal drain that is entailed in this adventure? The League must now act quickly. The labours of the Committee of Thirteen that is now drafting the report under Article XV are now only of academic interest. Whatever the technical requirements, there is no need of a report or of observers on the spot to prove an aggression that is patent to the whole world. Exactly how economic sanctions are going to be applied is uncertain; that they must and will be applied is no longer in question. Mussolini has done his best to delude himself—or at least to delude his countrymen—about this. The "true people" of France and the "true people" of Britain, he said at his great Fascist "mobilisation" on Wednesday, will not tolerate sanctions. The Labour Party Conference was one of the many indications that he has miscalculated.

War and Sanctions

There was no sign in this speech of the Duce's that he has forgotten anything or learned anything. He still pretends that Italy is being cheated and persecuted, prates of her civilising mission and denounces Ethiopian barbarity and British treachery. He still ignores the genuine readiness on the part of the League Powers to remedy his grievances and even to find him new spheres for expansion. He still relies on M. Laval to prevent any effective interference with his pursuit of Fascist *Machtpolitik*. He half promises that he will not treat economic sanctions as a *casus belli* against the League States, and we hope that he means to abide by that. But the British Government have quite properly envisaged the possibility of his acting as a madman, and have asked for definite assurances of support from France, in the event of his suddenly attacking us in the Mediterranean before the League has formally decided on collective action. The French answer is expected at any moment, and there is little doubt that it will be satisfactory. France could not, in such circumstances, even if she would, leave us in the lurch without the direst consequences to herself. The Locarno Pact in the wastepaper basket is not a prospect that any Frenchmen dare contemplate.

The Memel Muddle

The Memel election, which some expected to be the prologue to tragedy, has actually looked like opera bouffe.

The polling booths, quite inadequate in number, were besieged by crowds of voters, many of whom had to wait in queues for hour after hour, and each of whom when he got inside was presented with a list of 187 candidates from which he had to select twenty-nine—often without knowing who was who or how to go about the business. It was impossible to finish on Sunday, and the polls had to be kept open on the next day. Then came dissensions in the " Central Election Committee " about the counting of the votes; this, it now seems to have been decided, will begin on Friday, and the results may, with luck, be declared next Monday. There has been a heavy poll—well over ninety per cent., it is estimated—and the betting is on a slight diminution of the German majority. (In the 1932 election the German parties' vote totalled 53,000 against the Lithuanians' 12,000). It may be that all this mess and muddle was due to incompetence rather than malice on the part of the Lithuanian authorities. But neither the German Memellanders nor the Germans in the Reich will easily be convinced of that, and in any case they may, and will, claim to have further cause for dissatisfaction with the regime.

Germany's " Look-Round "

While most of us are pre-occupied in the Mediterranean and East Africa, German diplomacy is taking a " look-round " in Europe. Last week Herr von Ribbentrop went to Brussels, ostensibly to visit the Exhibition, actually, as it turned out, to have a private talk with the Belgian King and his Ministers. This talk has excited more curiosity than alarm; for no one really believes that Belgium will involve herself in any sinister bargain with Hitler. More serious on the face of it—though the face is very sketchy—is the hobnobbing, partially camouflaged by hunting parties, of General Gömbös, the Hungarian Prime Minister, with Goering and Hitler. Is a new triple alliance, taking practical shape in a German-Hungarian-Polish Air Pact, in the wind? It is possible, but at present we do not think it has gone beyond the stage of possibility. The Little Entente and the U.S.S.R. are naturally on the *qui vive*; they have ample grounds for their suspicions of all these three neighbours. But whatever community of sentiment or interest there may be among Germans, Hungarians and Poles, there are also obvious differences; and in the existing uncertainty in European affairs Hungary, and still more Poland, is likely to be cautious about going riding on the German tiger.

The " Front Paysan "

The *Front Paysan* in France, with its Fascist programme and the fiery outcry of M. Dorgères to inspire it, is causing M. Laval an increasing amount of trouble; for the threat to withhold payment of taxes is formidable in view of the present condition of France's public finance. M. Laval cannot, however, yield to the peasants' demand for higher agricultural prices without definitely abandoning his attempts to bring down the cost of living; and if he does that, what becomes of the promises which he made to wage-earners and pensioners and small *rentiers* when he cut their incomes a few months ago? But M. Laval, who is himself reported to be sympathetic to Fascist ideas, is not the only sufferer from the tactics of the *Front Paysan*. The Socialists have taken alarm at the progress M. Dorgères is making among the peasantry and have hurried forward a plan of their own for comprehensive State control of agricultural marketing in order to give the producer a more satisfactory return. The plain fact is that agricultural prices cannot be raised—for the State cannot afford to raise them by means of subsidies—except by devaluing the franc and reviving the deflationary policy that is still in force. But will M. Laval face this? Or will the Left, if a new Government of the Left displaces the present coalition? Till some Government does face it, France will continue to flounder and Fascism to gain ground among the richer peasants. The contradictions of M. Laval's policy grow plainer every week.

Mr. Chamberlain and the Gold Standard

Mr. Chamberlain in his speech at the Mansion House did something to clear up the doubts about British financial policy suggested by Dr. Burgin's apparently whole-hearted support of M. Bonnet at Geneva last week. The Chancellor of the Exchequer professed, almost as if it were a matter of course, his desire to get back to the gold standard. But he also declared emphatically that the time had not yet come for this to be done. In a world of instability, Great Britain, he said, could not take the risk of stabilising the pound; that would mean that British financial policy would lose its autonomy and have to follow events in other countries instead of responding to national needs. Therefore, as far as immediate policy goes, Mr. Chamberlain's statement was reassuring; he also talked sense about the lowering of trade barriers, though he was far too complacent about our own record in this matter, as well as too much inclined to insist on the most favoured nation clause. But Mr. Chamberlain's phrases sounded—like Dr. Burgin's at Geneva—somewhat as if an early return to gold had been seriously considered. Surely, in the present uncertain state of the franc, it would be madness to contemplate a return to gold. When the franc is off gold, or devalued, it will be time to consider what can be done to secure at least short-term stability of the exchanges. At least till then, it is essential that we keep our hands free.

An Election in Denmark

The Danish Government, which is predominantly Socialist, but depends for its majority on the support of the Radicals, has decided to dissolve Parliament and to appeal to the country. The trouble arises over the claims of the farmers to higher State-guaranteed prices for their produce. The farmers are being supported by the opposition parties, which have a majority in the Second Chamber, and are thus in a position to block the Government's programme. The coming election will be important not only for Denmark but also for its repercussions on the other Scandinavian countries. In Sweden, as in Denmark, the Government has been for some years in the control of the Socialists, who lack, however, a clear parliamentary majority. Since last year the same situation has existed in Norway. These semi-Socialist Governments have been remarkably successful in dealing with the economic crisis; and if the Danish Socialists strengthen their position at the coming election the cause of Socialism throughout Scandinavia will be powerfully reinforced. The general expectation seems to be that the Socialists will win the election, despite agrarian discontents. The

opposition to them seems to be mainly among the richer farmers, but they have a strong following among the small farmers as well as among the farm-workers.

Mr. Ford's Farms

The *Times* of September 30th had an interesting article about the farms started some years ago in Essex by Mr. Henry Ford under the name of Fordson Estates. Briefly, Mr. Ford set out to make an experiment in highly mechanical market gardening on two thousand acres previously used for ordinary mixed farming. His thesis was that, run on the right lines, the farms could employ much more labour at substantially higher wages and still yield a satisfactory profit. According to the *Times* Agricultural Correspondent, all these aims have been realised. The farms have made a profit; they have paid wages above the county minimum, plus large bonuses out of the profits, to the workers; and the number of workers employed has been more than doubled. The crops raised are mainly a wide variety of vegetables for the London market; but a successful start has also been made with the cultivation of soya beans—almost a new crop for English agriculture. The *Times*, after recording the success of the farms, goes on to commend the methods employed to the attention of those engaged in trying to settle unemployed workers on the land. It does not, however, recall how Dr. Addison's efforts to start large-scale experimental farms under the Land Utilisation Act were thwarted by the wrecking activities of the House of Lords. Perhaps Mr. Stewart, who honestly wants to help the depressed areas, will make a note of Mr. Ford's experiment, and persuade the Treasury to let him make an attempt or two on similar lines.

Winifred Holtby

It was only Winifred Holtby's most intimate friends who knew that her illness was incurable and that she worked during her last years under sentence of death. Doctors told her that she could lengthen her life if she reduced her work. She preferred to work harder, to complete the books she had conceived—in spite of intense suffering she produced five books and several plays in her last four years—and to continue to the end her advocacy of the causes to which she had devoted an astonishingly unselfish life. Her work for peace took her to South Africa and led her to make herself a recognised expert on native problems. She became known as a brilliant journalist through the columns of *Time and Tide* and as a novelist she first earned recognition with "Poor Caroline" in 1931 and first achieved popular success with "Mandoa, Mandoa!", a novel based on intimate knowledge of African conditions and inspired by a friend's account of the coronation of the present Emperor of Abyssinia. She had a great gift of satire, which she showed perhaps most effectively in her volume of short stories, "Truth Is Not Sober." She was gay, serious, ironical and, at times, full of rollicking fun; she was one of the most able and promising of England's younger writers and thinkers; that she should have died at the age of thirty-seven is a calamity.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

"ELASTICITY" AND THE COVENANT

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S definition, for the benefit of the French nation, of the British attitude towards the League ranks in significance after his speech at Geneva only in the sense that it lacks the element of drama and surprise. This is not the first but the second time that the National Government has affirmed its loyalty to the Covenant in the tone of men who mean to command belief. This sequel, however, is not an anti-climax. The tone is equally confident and resonant, and the effort at closer definition has led the Foreign Secretary into some distinctions that open a wide vista of speculation. With a curious medley of simplicity and shrewdness he manages at once to deny that his attitude constitutes a new departure, and yet to suggest that in some sense it does so. The French, and perhaps the Chinese, reader was, doubtless, politely amused by the assertions of the "unwavering fidelity" of the British to the League in the past, and the denials that any considerations peculiar to the Abyssinian dispute (a euphemism for strategic and imperial reckonings) influenced it now. This said, Sir Samuel Hoare may have reflected that the French reader would recall his predecessor's record in the Manchurian affair and on disarmament, for he went on to suggest that there is, after all, a new fact—the Peace Ballot. Few Frenchmen are sufficiently well-informed to remember the pains our Government took to discredit in advance "the recent response of public opinion in this country," which the new head of the Foreign Office now accepts as his mandate and marching orders. Very adroitly he uses it, together with the declarations of the Labour Party, to give his despatch all the solemnity of a national declaration that binds a unanimous democracy. No French reader who knows his England will doubt that the Geneva speech did on the whole reflect the views of Liberals and the main body of Labour, but he may wonder how far the Foreign Secretary is typical of his own party. If he knows anything of tradition and the structure of society in this country, he may ask himself whether in the future the mass opinion registered by the millions will really outweigh in Downing Street the pressure of the City and the talk of the selecter Clubs. We wish we could believe that a new era of democratic control over external affairs dawned when Sir John Simon left the Foreign Office, but we incline to think that the Peace Ballot was only one of the new factors in the Abyssinian affair. If it had been the decisive factor it should have moved the Cabinet to remember the Covenant several months earlier than in fact it did.

The chief interest of this despatch lies, however, in its effort to combine a declaration of loyalty to the Covenant with an affirmation of the need for peaceful change. The problem was faced, indeed, in the speech to the Assembly at much greater length, but then, with Italy's ambitions in the foreground, it was chiefly on its colonial and economic aspects that Sir Samuel Hoare dwelt. The French, however, have a colonial empire second only to our own, and feel no concern over raw materials. The question they addressed to the Foreign Office turned on their familiar preoccupation with security in Europe. In one respect British policy since the Peace has been con

sistent; it has steadily confined its specific guarantees against aggression to Western Europe, and has declined to underwrite the frontiers and the *status quo* in the East. The Covenant, indeed, was subject to no geographical limitations of this kind, but in their passion for precision the French have been wont in recent years to treat that document as a negligible item in the problem of security. They would trust to regional pacts and to nothing less definite. Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva seems to have suggested to them a new line of approach to this question. If for Downing Street the Covenant is still valid on the upper reaches of the Nile, may it not be equally sacred on the middle reaches of the Danube, or even on the Vistula? Less than ever, since Hitler dominated the European scene, can France confine her precautions to the West. If she must see the Stresa Front broken, can she console herself by assuming that British loyalty to the Covenant will commit this country to positive co-operation, if for example Russia or Lithuania, Austria or Czechoslovakia, should be threatened?

Whether the general answer of the British Note will completely satisfy the French remains to be seen. It may be that several specific questions from both sides will have to be answered, while the Council busies itself with the leisurely drafting of its Report. Would M. Laval, who is said to have promised the Duce to confine himself to economic measures, use his fleet to back ours if it were attacked? Would Great Britain consider a violation of the demilitarised zone a case of "unprovoked aggression"? To delicate questions of this kind there is no end, and we should not ourselves care to guess in advance how the Foreign Office would solve them within the terms of this Note, which might beget a rather subtle system of casuistry. Certainly one is for "the rule of law." But even British Conservatives are coming to recognise that what passes for "law" over wide ranges of Europe was merely the dictate of force imposed in the drunken hour of victory. Accordingly the Note very properly reminds the French that "elasticity is a part of security," and that "the world is not static." But what happens if the victors continue to make rigidity their fetish? The years go by; revision remains a tabooed word and Article XIX a dead letter. At last the long delayed but inevitable moment arrives, when the Power that sought peaceful change in vain feels strong enough to help itself. Is that, in face of the denial of justice, an "unprovoked aggression"? Manifestly, as the Note says, there may be "degrees of culpability and degrees of aggression," which would call for varying kinds of action. Actually, as Europe is organised to-day, it might be as fatal an act of technical aggression if Hitler were to move a regiment of the Reichswehr into Cologne as it would be if he were to occupy Brussels. Memel is a solidly German town, which the Lithuanians seized by driving out a French garrison. If Hitler were to imitate their performance to-morrow he might drive all Europe to the shambles, and yet there are few of us who would pretend to find any moral justification for an arrangement that violates the will of this population. Here and elsewhere "law" and morals are in contradiction. The stronger Powers may insist that it is expedient that Memellanders, Austrians and others should suffer for the general good. But if a doubt arises whether in fact they are the stronger, this argument loses its validity.

The effect of this Note is that as yet the British Government has reserved to itself the right to judge when an act of unprovoked aggression has been committed, and to assess the degree in which a technical violation of a treaty is culpable and calls for repression. Only while it retains this right can it effectually press for revision, or, as Sir Samuel Hoare calls it, for "elasticity." There is reason enough for anxiety over Memel at an early date and the demilitarised zone somewhat later; but the gravest case is Austria. The demilitarised Rhineland can live happily without the Reichswehr, and with vigilance it should be possible to render the lot of Memel at least tolerable. But Austria has endured an economic crucifixion from the Armistice onward, and since the democratic Republic was overthrown, her political life has become for the great majority of her population a daily humiliation. The alternatives that will confront her to-morrow will be either, under the coercion of the Heimwehr, to avow herself more openly than ever the vassal of Italy and to step out of the League by refusing to join in its sanctions, or else to await release from this foreign bondage at Hitler's hands. He, at least, is a native dictator. If no third choice is open, the probability is that the majority of Austrians will sooner or later acquiesce in a German solution. "Elasticity" in this case calls for an active and positive policy on the part of the League Powers. They must prepare to reverse the disastrous barter by which they bought the disloyal support of Italy by placing Austria under her protection. The only way to do it, as a correspondent urges in our columns this week, is to use their influence to bring about the formation of a coalition administration of Socialists and democratic Catholics to replace the dictatorship of the extreme Right. This might be feasible, provided that the Czechs, if not the whole Little Entente, are prepared to make their contribution to Austria's problem of markets.

If Sir Samuel Hoare has the skill as well as the will to impose here and elsewhere, on a Continent that perceives its danger, "elasticity" as the price of his support for the Covenant, he may, indeed, make a new era. His enemies, however, are in his own house. While Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill clamour for greater national armaments, who will believe, at home or abroad, that security is at last collective?

U.S.A. AND THE LEAGUE CRISIS

THE American attitude towards the Italo-Ethiopian crisis is compounded of three elements. Almost all Americans (the Italian and pro-Fascist communities in America, and the politicians to whom their vote is important, only excepted), sympathise with small, defenceless Abyssinia. All are prejudiced against Signor Mussolini, who seems clearly launched on a project of unjustified aggression in defiance of treaties, including the Kellogg Pact, to which the United States is a party, and for which most Americans have a proprietary affection. They would keenly welcome any measures which the League powers might take to coerce Italy into respecting its international obligations.

Most Americans would wish, like the President, "by every peaceful means and without entanglement to co-operate with other similarly minded Governments to promote peace." For the loyalty of the American people, especially under their present leadership, to pacific methods of settling international disputes is not to be doubted. Nor is the American people ever backward in offering good advice to other peoples, or in wanting by precept if not by example to induce other nations

to observe that policy of " the good neighbour " which is now the declared international policy of Mr. Roosevelt's America.

All Americans, without respect of region or party, are determined that the United States itself shall not be involved in war, if war should develop out of this dispute, or in international measures short of war which might tend to involve America permanently and irrevocably in foreign institutions and situations. They are energetically attempting so to readjust their exterior relations and policy as to safeguard their neutrality in all circumstances.

Of these three elements the last is undoubtedly the most important. It would be folly for foreign countries, wherever they may be situated and whatever their objectives, to count upon positive American help, whether military or non-military, in a League versus Italy or in any other war. Never has American opinion been more convinced that entrance into foreign wars of whatever kind would be criminal folly. Never has it been more determined, even at the price of the extinction in time of war of its entire foreign trade and investment, to isolate itself from any foreign conflict. It is no longer politically possible for the United States to join even an innocent, unentangling institution like the Permanent Court of International Justice, or to send a delegate to sit with the Council of the League, as was done during the Sino-Japanese dispute. Public opinion is too suspicious and inclined to see even in cautious diplomatic moves, or private economic and financial arrangements, entanglements which may ultimately involve the United States against its will and real interest in foreign wars.

For more than a year now, ever since the rearmament of Germany began to bring home to Americans the serious possibility of another European war in the near future, much consideration has been given by private and public agencies to the problem of making certain that the United States would stay out of all foreign wars. Majority opinion is coming round to the view that it could only do so by wholly altering its previous conception of neutrality. It is not inclined to follow Kellogg Pact enthusiasts like former Secretary Stimson, in saying that since the signature of Covenant and Pact there can be no neutrals ; it prefers the position of the old isolationists that there can only be neutrality if the United States holds itself as aloof from, and makes itself as independent as possible of, the rest of the world. It is disposed to ' hibit, not merely the export of arms, munitions and " in. ents of war " to belligerent States, but any American moves, public or private, positive or negative, which might conceivably involve the United States in hostilities. American loans to belligerent States, American supplies to belligerent vessels, American travel on belligerent ships or in war zones, foreign propaganda in the United States, American sales to one group of belligerents able to control the sea, while sales are impossible to another group which is blockaded—all these are now seen to be developments likely to give the United States even against its will an interest in, and therefore to involve it in, foreign conflicts.

It has not proved possible yet, and it may never prove possible, to control American moves in advance of and during hostilities as closely as this. Unless the United States was able and willing in time of peace to make itself largely independent of foreign economic contacts it could hardly, without appalling suffering and dislocation, make itself independent of them in time of war. So far the cotton exporters, to take only one example, show little sign of being willing to sacrifice the profits which accrue to them because of war preparations abroad. It is very doubtful whether they would be any more willing to sacrifice the profits which would accrue from war itself. There are therefore some Americans who doubt whether the United States will in fact be able to draft and pass really effective neutrality legislation, let alone to enforce it.

A beginning has, however, been made. A Neutrality Act was hurried through the last session of Congress and has been signed by the President. The present measure is a temporary one, designed to meet the immediate crisis, and will be replaced by a permanent, and probably much more stringent one, early in the next session of Congress six months hence.

But even the present measure is significant. A National Munitions Control Board has been set up, and also an office of Arms and Munition Control within the Department of State. All armament firms must henceforth be registered with the Department of State and must seek licences from that Department before accepting foreign orders. The President has been ordered, and not merely permitted, immediately upon the " outbreak of war " (the exact meaning of this term has not yet been defined, but it is to be marked by the proclamation), to prohibit the export to all belligerents, innocent or guilty, of all arms, munitions or " implements of war." These are to be defined and listed by the President, and may include raw materials such as oil, steel, copper, cotton, and so on. He has been further empowered to prohibit American vessels from carrying munitions to belligerents, and to require bonds from them against the provision of men, fuel, ammunition or supplies to war or supply ships of any belligerent nation, to warn American citizens against entering war zones or travelling on belligerent vessels, and to prohibit submarines from entering American ports.

It is further already provided by the Johnson Act that foreign Governments which have defaulted on their debts to the United States (and they include most major potential belligerents), shall be prohibited from floating loans in the United States.

There are circumstances in which such provisions of American law might be highly inconvenient to the United Kingdom and to other League members. The lesson of the Great War was surely that a strong State such as Germany could not be defeated, even by a great combination of other States, headed by the British Empire, without the latter being able at the very least to purchase from the United States supplies of food and raw materials, including some likely to be listed as " implements of war," and to pay for such supplies with the proceeds of American loans.

For the moment, then, these legal provisions rule out any possibility of effective positive American co-operation in measures in defence of the Covenant and Pact against an aggressor, but are nevertheless advantageous to the British Empire and to the League. They mean that the United States will not seek to break an economic embargo or a blockade declared by the League against an aggressor.

This negative collaboration of the United States with the loyal members of the collective system, though not as valuable as positive collaboration, does at least free the British Empire from its traditional fear that loyalty to the collective system might bring it into conflict with the United States. And this collaboration is the more dependable in that it is in harmony with American sentiment and rests upon a strongly supported law ; it does not depend—like the similar collaboration promised by Mr. Roosevelt through Mr. Norman Davis at the Disarmament Conference—merely upon an Executive inclination.

If any further American collaboration is desired, as it may be, it can probably be got, in the particular case of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute, if the United States is tactfully approached, and provided that it is not asked to give up this frantic search for secure neutrality. For the two other elements of which the American attitude in this matter is compounded should not be overlooked. They have already received expression in the sincere, though cautious, statements which President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have issued since the dispute began. Those statements appeal to all signatories of the Pact of Paris to respect their obligations, and indicate that breaches of the Pact, though they will not lead to hostilities with the United States, are still not a matter of indifference to it.

Mr. Roosevelt's America would give particularly sincere consideration to measures along the lines of Sir Samuel Hoare's suggestion of more effective and secure access to raw materials for under-privileged and over-populated nations. No one is more conscious than Secretary Hull of the need, if inter-

national friction leading to war is to be avoided, of economic disarmament. No administration in the world is more anxious to have the problem of the production and profitable distribution of primary products fairly settled by international agreement.

But the American Government and people feel, very naturally, that the lead in all these matters should come from elsewhere, particularly London, to which, like so many other Governments and peoples, they especially look. They are in no mood to go even so far in giving a lead as Secretary Stimson went in the Sino-Japanese dispute, being disillusioned by that melancholy experience. But they will not, unless I misjudge them, and so long as they are not asked to run the risk of becoming belligerents or of losing their freedom of judgment and action, be backward in responding to a British or a League lead.

FRANK DARVALL

THE BRIGHTON FRONT

TUESDAY'S discussion at the Labour Conference at Brighton was great drama. It was a battle of ideas, expressed with deep sincerity, with very little personal animosity. All day long the speeches were maintained at an astonishingly high level. Everyone was conscious of the approach of great events. Many of the speakers had been in the minority in the last war; almost every speech was an expression of an ultimate philosophy and an attempt to apply it to a complex and menacing situation. The drama reached its emotional climax with Mr. Lansbury's passionate declaration of faith, and at that point the inexperienced might have hoped that the curtain would fall. But a good drama ends with a surprise, and the Executive had no intention of leaving Mr. Lansbury with the last word for the day. (It was this phase of events that inspired Low, who was with me, to produce his ironic comment.) Amid a singularly apposite hailstorm which beat a tattoo on the Dome above us, Mr. Ernest Bevin, the one man powerful enough and brutal enough to spoil the effect Mr. Lansbury had produced, let loose a torrent of eloquence in which he accused the Party leader of disloyalty, referred to the political side of the movement as "friends who had come and joined" the Trade Union Party, shouted that this was a crisis in which unity was essential and Mr. Lansbury out of place, and, in effect, told the Conference that most of the speeches were mere intellectualising in a moment of crisis. He was the man with the big battalions. His speech was the forcible utterance of a responsible and practical man. He made the mistake of being unfair to Mr. Lansbury, who was entitled to explain to the press his personal views after the Margate Conference, at which he had only been able to convey the official views of the Party which he led. But the point vividly illustrated the impossible position of a Party which has as its leader a popular hero who disagrees on the one great subject of the hour. And everyone knew that Mr. Bevin was right when he said that it was too late for the Labour movement to go back on its past, that it was committed up to the hilt at earlier conferences and would forfeit claim to serious attention from the electorate if, on the first occasion that its views were tested, it turned round and repudiated them. "You can't be both in and out of the League—not if you are honest," he said. And he reminded the Conference that the Party Executive has just assured the British Government and the international Labour movement of its loyalty to the Covenant. It was too late to turn back on these decisions, and it was this fact and the consummate speech with which Mr. Herbert Morrison wound up the debate on Wednesday that turned what would have been in any case a large majority into something approaching unanimity for the Executive's resolution.

* * *

In Dr. Dalton's classical peroration about Great Britain choosing between being a great comrade or a Judas, I detected a disturbing similarity to Liberal pronouncements in 1914. Though, of course, reminding us that they still opposed the National Government, Dr. Dalton and several other speakers on behalf of sanctions seemed to me insufficiently to realise the dangers of letting their Socialism slip into the background and being too unconditional in their support. But they were not open to the criticism which must be made of a number of Trade Union speakers. It is inevitable that they should feel bitter about the murder and persecution of their colleagues in Fascist countries, but it is of the utmost importance, as Mr. Morrison urged, that the Labour movement should not get into the 1914 state of mind of thinking of Italy as an enemy, and that they should not, as Lord Ponsonby fears, make the mistake of believing that they can destroy Fascism by upsetting Mussolini as they once hoped to destroy militarism by getting rid of the Kaiser. The Socialist League's case was made by Sir Stafford Cripps in a speech which began excellently and which tailed off ineffectively towards the end. William Mellor also expressed the Marxist case against sanctions forcibly, but Aneurin Bevan (who is the most powerful speaker in the movement on the anti-sanctions side) was, by a singular maladroitness, not permitted to speak. It was soon obvious that the pacifist opposition to sanctions, led by Mr. Lansbury, was more numerous than the revolutionary opposition led by the Socialist League. Lord Ponsonby, who has a consistent record as an opponent of sanctions, was wise and persuasive. He saw in this crisis another trick to get us into khaki; we were to be told not that our King and Country needed us, but that the League of Nations needed us. And he prophesied that the Labour movement would soon find itself helplessly dragged behind a war government as it was in 1914. I do not agree with Mr. Lansbury and Lord Ponsonby on this issue, but the Christian pacifist position has a greater following than ever before in this country, and it may yet be needed to help us in preventing this crisis developing into an Imperialist war.

* * *

If Mr. Clynes and some others were in danger of giving the impression in the country that the Labour movement had, for practical purposes, lined up behind the National Government, other speeches did a good deal to remove this impression. Professor Catlin laid down definite conditions which he thought should be demanded as the price of Labour's support. Major Attlee, in what I myself thought to be the most valuable and clear-headed speech in the entire debate, was handicapped, as he always is, by a certain lack of force and dominance. In the course of his terrific utterance, Mr. Ernest Bevin, whose bulky figure and aggressive manner have long made him the most conspicuous figure at Labour conferences, made everyone laugh by asking "who am *I* to protrude my personality in the Labour movement?" It is a thousand pities that Attlee has not a little of Bevin's capacity for not protruding his personality! But I think that Attlee did get over more than anyone else the basic fact that Labour's reasons for supporting sanctions are part of a carefully considered constructive policy. Noel Baker in a beautifully delivered speech rubbed in the point that collective security is an argument for a renewed attempt at disarmament and not, as Mr. Chamberlain would have it, an excuse for rearmament. And Mr. Morrison set forth the conditions of Labour's support of sanctions. The covenant means not only the restraint of the aggressor, but disarmament, international instead of imperial control of colonies and that serious consideration of treaty revision and of the problems of markets and raw materials which even Conservative leaders have admitted to be necessary if sanctions to end war are not to turn into a war to end war which will, instead, end civilisation.

* * *

Mr. Morrison ended with an eloquent appeal for tolerance in the movement. It was needed, for there were signs that some Trade Unionists were anxious to push the Socialist League out of the movement after the I.L.P. With Mr. Lansbury the case was quite different. The immense ovation which greeted him showed that his personal popularity is

completely unimpaired. But it seems impossible for the present anomalous position to continue—as Mr. Lansbury himself admitted by vigorously applauding several speakers who urged the impossibility of divided opinions among the leaders. A curious battle is proceeding. Everyone is fond of George Lansbury and the Executive is naturally hesitant about incurring the odium of pushing him out. Mr. Lansbury himself is quite willing to be pushed out, but he has so far refused to resign. Both sides wish to put the onus of his departure on the other. If he does resign there is no very obvious successor. I have little doubt that if Mr. Morrison were in the House of Commons he would be selected, though there are several others in and out of the present Parliament who might regard themselves as equally likely candidates. A possible solution is that Major Attlee or Mr. Greenwood should act temporarily as leader until the election, leaving the choice of a new leader to the Parliamentary party until after the election. But this has the disadvantage that the Labour Party would then go to the country without a universally accepted leader. And in a democracy a party cannot succeed without a national figure as leader. At the moment, though there are plenty of popular figures in the movement, George Lansbury is the only name which is known and loved in every town and village of Great Britain.

* * *

One more point about Mr. Lansbury. Because his mind is not trained and logical, many people who know that he is, as someone said, a political saint, imagine that he is a simple soul with no brains. In his Autobiography Lord Snowden quotes Augustine Birrell as saying that "the trouble with Lansbury is that he will let his bleeding heart run away with his bloody head." And there are times when one sympathises with this diagnosis. But anyone who knows or who works with Mr. Lansbury soon becomes aware that he is immensely shrewd in practical affairs and a most astute political fighter. One of the most experienced Conservative politicians remarked the other day that he was the shrewdest Leader of the Opposition that the House of Commons had seen since the war.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. N. Woddis.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The imposing tonnage and armament of corresponding foreign types has compelled our naval authorities to recast their new designs on the basis of increased size and extra gun-power. . . . I am in a position to state positively that this programme has no bearing whatever on the current political situation.—Naval correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

"I would like to see a team of Italians play a team of Abyssinians in a game of cricket. I would gladly give a trophy—and I am sure other people would do the same—if only the dispute between these two countries could be settled by their meeting in sport."—Alderman W. H. Hoare at Derby, as reported in *Derby Evening Telegraph*.

Mr. Horace Marshall, the Leeds Stipendiary magistrate, yesterday ruled that a motorist committed an offence in not reporting an accident, even if he did not know that the accident had occurred.

"Whether or not a man knows that there has been an accident depends upon his degree of attentiveness," he said. "If he is not so attentive, that is his lookout."

Defendant was ordered to pay £2 13s. costs.—*Daily Telegraph*.

A Dalmatian dog named Pongo Murgatroyd is a collaborator in Miss Dodie Smith's new play, *Call It a Day*. So she told me yesterday at the Globe Theatre, where the play is in rehearsal. She did most of the work on it while walking about the country near her Essex cottage in Pongo Murgatroyd's inspiring company. "If he barked approval I knew I was on the right track," she said.—Report in *News Chronicle*.

Though death and disaster come to all manner of persons in whatever walk of life, yet we cannot help remembering that the Queen (of the Belgians) who was Protestant before her marriage, changed her faith to that of Rome, as did Queen Ena of Spain, to please the powers-that-be. Whether there is any significance in that fact it is not for us to speak rashly, but we have for some time past observed what a large number of Papists who have received the special blessing of the Church of Rome have almost immediately met with disaster.—*Churchman's Magazine*.

NOTICE: Will the person who disposes of his dead rats by throwing them on my premises kindly refrain from doing so or prosecution will follow after this date.—Advertisement in *Devon and Cornish Post*.

Lady, conscientious and reliable, wants light private secretarial work or would exercise dog.—Advt. in *Times*.

You may think that babies and fashions have little in common, but you're wrong. Not only are there fashions *for* babies, but also fashions *in* babies. Boy babies, on the whole, are more fashionable than girls, and, at least as far as first-borns are concerned, practically *de rigueur*.—*Vogue*.

The first and immediate reaction to any world crisis these days is a new shape in hats.—Home and Fashion Page, *Sunday Referee*.

Lord Woolavington, who died on August 9th last, has left estate of the gross value of £7,150,000 with net personalty £7,000,000.—Daily papers.

Who cares if the producer introduces Coney Island, gangsters, a shipping strike and a kidnapping episode into the "Inferno" subject? Cinema-goers can revel in such spectacles as the Sea of Boiling Pitch, the Lake of Flames, the River Acheron, featuring Charon, the immortal boatman. For those who prefer more modern spectacle there is the collapse of a pleasure city, a gorgeous riot of revelry on a luxury liner, and a Bacchanalian dance by a talented young lady of sixteen.—From film notices in *Daily Mirror*.

POLICE METHODS

IN connection with the prosecution of motorists, the use of agents-provocateurs and allegations of political bias in dealing with Fascists and Communists, there has been a good deal of talk about the methods of the police. It may be worth while to consider some police matters which are not generally known to the lay public and as to which there cannot be much dispute so far as the facts are concerned.

On 16th March, 1929, the Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure submitted a unanimous Report and made certain recommendations. Five out of the eight trusty and well-beloved Commissioners held high rank in the Order of the British Empire. They were appointed in 1928, when Sir William Joynson-Hicks (afterwards Lord Brentford) was Home Secretary. It is therefore clear that they were, to put it mildly, unlikely to hold revolutionary views or to be biased against the forces of law and order. Six years after their Report the practices with regard to prisoners and persons in custody which they unanimously condemned continue quite openly.

Some years ago a judge remarked that the atmosphere of a police station seemed to be singularly conducive to confessions. The Royal Commission said that " we have received a volume of responsible evidence which it is impossible to ignore suggesting that a number of the voluntary statements now tendered in Court are not ' voluntary ' in the strict sense of the word." While it is right that a prisoner who wishes to do so should be allowed to confess, it is obviously of the greatest importance that any statement by a person in custody which is given in evidence should be in the true sense voluntary. The law is not so clear as it should be with regard to the questioning of persons in custody, and the Judges' Rules which were formulated in 1912 have tended to increase rather than lessen the confusion. It is, however, perfectly clear that the High Court strongly condemns the questioning by the police of persons who are either in custody or whom it is intended to take into custody. Dealing with the point in the case of *R. v. Winkel* in 1912, Mr. Justice Avory said: " I have repeatedly condemned this practice, and I shall continue to condemn it." The Royal Commission reached the conclusion that it was desirable to avoid any questioning at all of persons actually in custody.

The police held, and still hold, the view that it is permissible to question a prisoner as to any offences of which he may be suspected other than that in connection with which he is in custody. It is said, with what truth I do not know, that they are encouraged by the Home Office in this view, notwithstanding that the Royal Commission recommended " a rigid instruction to the police that no questioning of a person in custody about any crime or offence with which he is or may be charged should be permitted " (see Report, p. 65, par. 169) and the Commissioners wished to extend the prohibition to persons out on bail. I will give two recent instances of what happens. On 2nd February, 1935, a certain man was in custody at a provincial police station. He was visited there by police officers from a town a few miles away and questioned as to certain stolen property. In answer to the questions he made a statement implicating himself and another man. Subsequently he gave evidence for the prosecution. Incidentally the prisoner had made a statement as to the stolen property to the local police asserting innocence before the officers from a distance questioned him, but the interrogating officer denied knowledge of this. The significant thing was that, when I cross-examined the police officer as to why he had gone to the other town to question the prisoner, he said that it was the usual practice when a man from any district was in custody for the police from that and all neighbouring districts to be notified and for them to go over and question him as to offences of which he might know something. In another case four men were arrested on 18th February, 1935. When they were brought before the magistrates bail was asked for and refused, except to one prisoner. During the subsequent week, while in prison, one of these men was visited and questioned by police officers from five different towns. In addition, while in the cells at the local police station he was visited by police from three other towns. I mentioned these facts in open court when making a second application for bail, and there was no contradiction. Incidentally, two of the other men in custody made " voluntary statements " when visited. These are typical instances of the way in which the recommendations of the Royal Commission are ignored.

Some people may think it of small importance how confessions are obtained. Quite apart from the fact that our system of criminal justice is based on the presumption of innocence, there are several important points to be considered. In the first place confessions are not infrequently false, even so far as the persons making them are concerned. It has happened that men have admitted crimes which it was physically impossible they could have committed. Sometimes confessions are made in order to get bail, sometimes to curry favour with the police when conviction on other charges is certain, and sometimes because the nature of the charge is not appreciated. It must be remembered that the recommendations of the Royal Commission as to the method of taking voluntary statements are seldom observed. In the second place, confessions falsely implicating other persons are not infrequently made in order to get off lightly by turning King's Evidence. In addition, the admission of confessions which are not strictly voluntary leads to the use of the Third Degree and other objectionable practices.

Another matter which is to some extent bound up with the taking of voluntary statements is that of bail. As stated in Archbolds' Criminal Pleading, 1934 Edition, p. 72, " the proper test of whether bail should be granted or refused is whether it is probable that the accused will appear to take his trial." Refusal or delay by any judge or magistrate to bail any person bailable is at common law an offence against the liberty of the subject. It is also a violation of the Habeas Corpus Act and the Bill of Rights (Archbold, p. 72).

The usual practice of most benches is to refuse bail whenever the police object. Frequently no reason for such objection is given. The mere fact of objection is enough. A few weeks ago I applied to a certain bench for bail on behalf of several prisoners. The police strongly objected, but gave no reason for their objection. The clerk openly advised the justices to grant bail. The chairman conferred with his colleagues and then announced that they were sorry to refuse bail, but in view of the police objection they were bound to do so. I said, I hope politely, that it appeared that the question of bail had been decided by the police, not the magistrates. The chairman looked relieved. " Exactly so," he replied, apparently delighted that I had appreciated the position. A brother solicitor was present in a court in another part of the country recently when, a remand having been granted after evidence of arrest only had been given, the prisoner asked " Can I have bail, your worships ? " In a loud voice the chairman, as usual somewhat deaf, replied " Gaol ? Of course you are going to gaol."

I have elsewhere quoted a case within my knowledge where a man was refused bail when the only ground of objection put forward was that the police had not recovered stolen property. The refusal was maintained, notwithstanding that the man urged that his wife was alone in the house and daily expecting to be confined. During the week's remand in custody he confessed and was then granted bail. Very often the ground for objecting to bail is said by the police to be that they have not completed their inquiries. This is not a legal ground for objection, and there can be little doubt that it usually means the questioning of the man while in custody to which I have previously referred. I have often asked men why they had made statements implicating themselves and others, and nearly always been told that it was in order to get bail. Such statements are obviously unreliable, especially when they involve others, and I suggest that no statement made by a person in

custody should in any circumstances be available in evidence. The practice of police advocacy, repeatedly condemned by Judges of the High Court but considerably increased since the war, makes these methods of obtaining evidence even more undesirable than they otherwise would be.

Lastly, there is the question of police reports to the court after conviction. The practice of allowing police officers to make general statements about a convicted prisoner before sentence, such as " he is an associate of thieves and persons of bad character," or that one of several prisoners is " undoubtedly the leader of the gang "—both expressions commonly used—puts in the hands of the police an undue power to influence accused persons. Throughout our history it has been necessary to protect individual liberty by constantly checking the encroachments of the executive, under whatever form it may operate. The High Court has always been vigilant, and it so remains. Unfortunately, the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, which deal with the vast majority of criminal cases, are largely subservient to the police. The very name of " Police Court " carries an unfortunate significance. The matters of which I have written are not controversial. It is necessary only to carry out the unanimous recommendations of a Royal Commission appointed by a Conservative Government to effect a great improvement in the position.

SOLICITOR

SANCTIONS AND CENTRAL EUROPE

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

ANY application of Article XVI is bound once again to raise the Austrian question. Will the Austrian Government play its part as a member of the League and close its Italian frontier? Unless it does this the effect of economic sanctions will be seriously weakened. Italy will be able to import much of what she requires from and through Germany and Austria. But the present Austrian Government is little more than Mussolini's puppet. It depends on Mussolini for support against external aggression and for the maintenance of its own regime internally. To apply sanctions against its patron appears to be for it, therefore, a dangerous and almost suicidal policy. A refusal, however, is scarcely less dangerous. It involves a conflict with the League, which would be entitled under Article XVI to see that the frontier was closed. It involves a breach with France and Britain, the other two guarantors of Austrian independence, at a moment when Austria can no longer feel confident of Italy. In short, Mussolini's adventure in Abyssinia and the stand made by the League against him have between them created an unpleasant dilemma for the Austrian Government and thrown the whole problem of Austria's international position once again into the forefront of European politics.

For the Austrian Government there are only three possible courses. It may throw up the sponge and either give way to, or create, a Nazi coalition government. It may attempt to carry on in spite of Italian weakness without making any effort to secure support from France and Britain. This course would almost certainly be followed by greatly increased Nazi agitation, which would in a fairly short time wear down the nerves of the executive forces and drive the Government to come to terms. In effect, therefore, both these policies would mean German domination in Austria with or without formal independence. The third course is to break with Italy and look for support to the League.

The serious consequences of German control in Austria are not generally appreciated in this country. A precarious stability has been maintained during the last two years in Central and Eastern Europe on account of the rival imperialist policies of the two Fascist Powers, Germany and Italy. It now appears likely that Italian influence will be diminished and German influence increased. Hungary is already moving towards Nazi Germany. The reaction on Poland, whose policy has until now remained enigmatic, could only be in one direction. There is a traditional friendship between Poland and Hungary and there is already the German-Polish non-aggression treaty. A Nazi Austria would confirm this new orientation of Polish foreign policy. Nor would the States of the Little Entente remain unaffected. In Czechoslovakia (as elsewhere in Central Europe except in Austria) it is the policy of the German minority with its 3½ million votes not to attack the existing State frontiers, but to seek in a perfectly constitutional manner to alter the direction of the country's foreign policy and to demand a German instead of a Russian alliance. Unfortunately there are already indications that this German minority will cast their votes in the presidential election against M. Benes, and their vote may be decisive. If Austria goes Nazi then Czechoslovakia will be almost completely surrounded by countries within the German orbit, countries which will be hostile unless she too goes the same way. It is easy to see how much stronger in this situation the influence of the German minority is likely to be.

Austria is strategically the key to this problem. If Germany controls Austria then there is a probability of Hungarian and Polish, and a possibility of Czech, foreign policy taking a decisive turn in the direction of alliance with Germany. Where we now have League members and supporters—albeit hesitant supporters—of collective security, we may be faced with a strong pro-Nazi and anti-League block. France and Britain and Russia cannot remain indifferent to this development. They must make some attempt to repair the damage done two years ago when, to put it crudely, Italian support against Germany was bought with the price of a free hand in Austria.

In the near future the Austrian Government will be compelled to declare its attitude to sanctions. Its choice in that matter is bound to depend on how far it can rely on the League for economic and ultimate military support. The League must be ready with proposals and these proposals, if they are to be effective, must involve changes both in the external relations and the internal situation of Austria.

Externally there are two possibilities. The League may declare for the neutrality of Austria; it may adopt the expensive and unsatisfactory method of further loans. Or it may urge the Austrian Government to seek its new external support not directly under the wing of the League but in the company of the Little Entente. This second proposal would be, in the long run, by far the most satisfactory. The greatest possible efforts must be made to couple this new political alignment with economic collaboration. The other members of the Little Entente, in particular Czechoslovakia, would be blind indeed if they refused to pay something—if the removal of tariff barriers be regarded as a concession—to gain the additional political security. We should see the tentative beginning of a Danubian Federation.

But a change in external policy alone will not be sufficient. The collapse of Italy will involve the weakening if not the downfall of the Heimwehr. The clerical section of the Government led by Schuschnigg must have more internal support. There are only two ways in which it can secure this—a Habsburg restoration or a reliance on the democratic and Socialist forces, happily still intact. A Habsburg restoration would make collaboration with the Little Entente almost impossible, and it would secure very little internal support. There would be perhaps some response from the less active section of the peasants. But against this must be set the certain loss of the still powerful Socialist movement. The Austrian workers, who have been driven to look for assistance to the existing democratic Governments, would feel themselves hopelessly betrayed if, when those Governments at last intervened, it was only to fasten on Austria a Habsburg monarch. The consequence would be inevitably a further strengthening of the Nazis.

Thus we are driven to the conclusion that if the effects of the present crisis are not to result in a strengthening of German imperialism and a weakening of the League, some measure at least of democracy, some internal changes which will restore

the workers their rights, must be granted in Austria. This is as necessary in the interests of the present rulers of Austria, whose lives would be in danger the instant a Nazi regime was established, as it is necessary for the peace of Europe. And intimate acquaintance with the internal politics of Austria suggests that though collaboration between the Austrian Socialists and Dr. Schuschnigg himself may not be possible, there is no insuperable barrier to a coalition of Socialists with the Left Clericals who support the present Austrian government. The universal support of the Covenant which is now being displayed has and will further strengthen the peace and democratic movements throughout the world. If this is followed up by an active policy in Central Europe in general, and Austria in particular, then a great step forward will have been taken.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE

THERE are few things that give the ordinary human being more comfort than to be told that everything is going to be all right. In times of crisis we ask one another, half hopefully, half apprehensively, "What do you think is going to happen?" and feel more cheerful if even a man whom we know to be an optimistic ignoramus expresses the opinion that peace and prosperity are just round the corner. I myself do not want the truth about the future even from a doctor, if the truth is bad. I want not to be informed, but to be reassured. Prophecies of smooth things do more to cure me than bottles. My chief objection to palmistry is that so many palmists take their work seriously and, if they foresee disaster in the lines of your hand, will either tell you about it or let it be seen by their manner that they are hiding something. The only palmists I will allow to read my hand are travelling gipsies, whose vision of the future becomes rosier and rosier as your payment increases. A young girl going to a palmist is content to be told that her husband will be fair, that her marriage will be a happy one, that she will be rich, and that a dark man will threaten her happiness for a time, but that all will end well. Let a gipsy foretell, however, to her girlish clients that they will live cat-and-dog lives with their husbands, that they will find it hard to keep a roof over their heads, that they will suffer from rheumatism, that their husbands will desert them for more beautiful women; and there is scarcely a girl among them who will ever believe in palmistry again. The only future in which most of us are wildly interested and for news of which we are willing to pay ready money is the future as seen in our daydreams.

I have sometimes thought of turning prophet myself and bringing out a publication more or less on the lines of *Old Moore's Almanack* in which I should make such agreeable prophecies that not a single reader would rise from its perusal without feeling that he was living in what was just about to be the best of all possible worlds. Such a publication ought to sell by the million. I should prophesy that all the nations of the world were going to experience an extraordinary change of heart in January, that all classes in all nations would experience a similar change of heart in February, that in March Hitler would invite a Jew to dinner and announce his new plan for establishing racial equality throughout Europe, that in April the Russians would celebrate Easter by proclaiming the rebirth of individual liberty, that the Prime Ministers of all nations would meet in May to discuss a plan for converting warships into pleasure cruisers and collecting all their other armaments on a mountainside in Switzerland where they would be consumed in a new Bonfire of Vanities, that in June employers would be offering such high wages to their employees that the employees would protest that they could not dream of accepting them unless they were allowed to work double shifts. And so on throughout the year. In July Mussolini would dine with the Emperor of Ethiopia in Addis Ababa and, proposing his health, would say what a fine fellow he was, and offer him pieces of Libya out of brotherly love. In August, it would be announced that all taxes were abolished and that contributions to the Exchequer were henceforth to be voluntary. In September trade would be booming, disease would have been reduced to a minimum, and the coffee in hotels would be drinkable. In October everybody would be behaving so well that the police force would be pensioned off as no longer necessary. In November, motorists, cyclists, and pedestrians would assemble at a great love-feast and embrace each other indiscriminately in celebration of the fact that not a single road-accident had occurred during the previous month. In December, the lions would be released from the Zoo and be seen roaming all over the country looking for lambs to lie down with. And by the end of the year everybody would be happy and rich and wise and unselfish—sober and yet with plenty to drink, healthy and yet with too much to eat, solvent and yet with an enormous overdraft on which the banks refused to accept any interest.

To hard and cynical natures a forecast such as this might give no pleasure. But the ordinary human being is not hard or cynical. For centuries he has been living largely on hope, and he is too generous not to be grateful to anyone who told him that during the next twelve months his highest hopes were about to be fulfilled. I myself was conscious of such feelings of gratitude the other day when I opened the Foulsham edition of *Old Moore's Almanack* for 1936. I can assure you that I opened it with considerable trepidation, for I had not liked the look of 1936 as a result of what I had read in the newspapers. What was my delight, however, on gingerly turning the pages, to find the very first article in the almanack entitled: "The Year of Good Fortune, 1936." "This year," declares the prophet, "ushers in the commencing of a new cycle, for the sign Aries is rising in the Great Horoscope with a strong Jupiter influence thereon." Lest you may be ignorant of the import of these splendid tidings, I had better quote Old Moore's detailed interpretations. You may be thinking gloomily about a world war, but Old Moore will convince you that in 1936 "the Jupiter vibrations to comradeship between nations will be strengthened. . . . This will be particularly noticeable in the support given to the smaller nations by those more powerful, for Jupiter is always a planet showing the succouring of the weaker and fallen by those who are mighty." You may think that this leaves a loophole for a war between the League of Nations and Italy, but Old Moore tells us expressly: "Happiness and Joy are the portents, and all shall witness the realising of many hopes and wishes, not only from the individual, but from the national, international, and universal standpoint." As for England in particular, she will be a land of higher prices, higher profits, and higher wages; and in politics new leaders will appear, the sign Aries typifying "the pioneer who will help to bring in a new order of things in a constructive manner, and without destroying the liberty that has been previously enjoyed."

After this glowing vision, it may seem the mark of a grudging spirit to wish that Old Moore had not referred to those Communist riots in Normandy, or to the "peculiar upheaval due at Bournemouth and Cowes." I should have liked the whole year to pass flawlessly, without even an attempted assassination, however ineffectual. Such felicity, however, is too much to hope for. Old Moore must be allowed a few earthquakes and floods and fires and riots and deaths of notable scientists. Without them his picture of 1936 would probably seem unconvincing to many people.

I am glad to see that the "Foulsham" Old Moore's general optimism is endorsed by a fellow prophet in the "Empire" edition of the famous almanack. "Empire" foresees plenty of trouble in 1936, but I can find no indication of widespread war. The year must be going to be a fairly peaceful one if in May "the London season will be one of great gaiety, and the entertainment business will flourish exceedingly." This being so, what does it matter if in July "the antics of a fanatical section of nudists raises a public outcry and tends to bring legitimate sunbathing into disrepute"? What does it matter if in June "an extraordinary impetus to the popular craze

for hiking will be given by the invention of an ingenious machine, which will enable its users to progress at the rate of ten miles an hour"? What does it matter if in March "an ascent into the stratosphere will be successfully made by a super-aeroplane and as a result the time taken to fly from New York to London will be reduced to less than four hours"? What does it matter even if, in January, as "Foulsham" foresees, "the position of Neptune is not good for railways and postal affairs and a sensational mail-bag robbery is likely"? In so happy a world as we shall have in 1936, a sensational mail-bag robbery will be something of a diversion. Apart from this, sensational mail-bag robberies make good copy for the newspapers and so increase the happiness of newspaper-readers even in the happiest of all possible worlds.

On the whole, I cannot remember a year in which Old Moore gazed at the stars with a more benevolent eye. Seldom have the skies flashed better tidings to careworn humanity. If the tidings are trustworthy, they are certainly well worth the twopence that he charges for his almanack. Y. Y.

Correspondence

SANCTIONS

SIR,—Mr. Keynes disagrees with the belief expressed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION pamphlet "Abyssinia," that "We are almost certainly on the eve of a war in which this country will have to take part." His own belief is, apparently, that it is possible to apply economic sanctions to Italy that will be effective enough to make Signor Mussolini lose his war, without the Duce retaliating. Surely the authors of "Abyssinia" are more realistic when they point out that mild economic and financial measures, such as a partial embargo on Italian exports and imports, may be the first form of sanctions, but that

> matters will not remain long at that point, for either these measures prove ineffective—in which case it will be necessary to go further in order to stop Italy's Covenant-breaking war—or else they will exert such pressure on the Italian Government as to make it clear that if they continue the war will be lost and the Fascist regime will collapse. In either case it is altogether unlikely that Signor Mussolini will passively endure the economic and financial sanctions of the League after they begin to embarrass him. He has already publicly threatened that sanctions mean war. It would be as rash to believe he was bluffing as it has proved to be foolish to regard his Abyssinian war plans as nothing but bluff and blackmail. The prospects are therefore that this country, with the support of France and other members of the League, will within a few weeks or months find itself at war with Italy.

After all, when Mussolini starts his war with Abyssinia it will be for the purpose of winning it. The object of applying sanctions will be to make him lose it. But once the war begins it will be literally a life and death issue for the Fascist regime (and probably for Mussolini personally) to win rather than to lose. That is why it seems to me well-nigh certain that, if economic sanctions are applied after Italy goes to war, they will soon mean our also being at war with Italy. If they had been applied months ago, as a *preventive* measure, it would be a different story.

Mr. Keynes suggests a £10,000,000 loan to Abyssinia in order to buy arms. He says that this, plus the removal of the arms embargo, would suffice to "put quite a different complexion on the campaign and its probable duration." No doubt. But does he not agree that once Italy starts fighting she will seize any shipments of arms bound directly or indirectly (under the 'continuous voyage' doctrine) for Abyssinia? Either we submit to British ships being seized or there will be war. Here again, action on these lines months ago would have had a very different result.

I want to do all the things Mr. Keynes suggests. I agree with everything the pamphlet "Abyssinia" proposes. But I think we must admit frankly that, because the Government have failed to *prevent* Mussolini going to war, it will most certainly involve war to stop him after he has started. A SOCIALIST

SIR,—What a long and laboured explanation Mr. J. Strachey provides in justifying the complete somersault of the Communist Party and its change of position to the right wing of the Labour Movement! Mr. Strachey still imagines apparently that the National Government is being compelled by the Communist Party and the Labour Party to hold to the sanctions policy. No doubt it is much against the wishes of the National Government, and simply in deference to the Labour Party and the Communist Party, that British naval power has been concentrated in the Mediterranean!

Apparently Mr. Strachey, like many leaders of the Labour Party, has not heard of the saying that those who "sup with the devil must have a long spoon." It appears, too, that Mr. Strachey is unaware that the French Trade Union Movement has quite definitely decided against the policy of war sanctions. Unlike the British T.U.C., it has a more realistic grasp of the situation in Europe, and realises that the main enemy that requires to be watched is not Fascist Italy but Fascist Germany.

To suggest, as Mr. Strachey does, that if Mussolini is prevented from making war in Abyssinia—and if he does it will no doubt be to receive a bribe as a *quid pro quo*—it will weaken Mussolini's position, seems to be flying in the face of all probabilities. What is likely to happen in these circumstances is that Mussolini will be able to boast that, thanks to Fascist power, Britain and France have been compelled to make concessions to Italy.

One can understand the agony that the Communists are going through, when, at the behest of Moscow, they are compelled to disgorge the whole of their principles and swallow those of the "Labour Reformists" whom they have been abusing for years. The Communists have pretended that they were the real left wing of the British Labour Movement. Their support of the National Government's policy ought to destroy that misconception for ever. The one good thing that seems to have arisen out of the present dangerous position that the Labour Movement has got itself into is that the Communists will no longer be able to make out that they belong to the left wing of the British Labour Movement, and in consequence make it impossible for the Labour Movement to develop an effective left wing. The Communists have been worth their weight in gold to the most right wing section of the British Labour Party up till now.

The latest news is that the Russian and Rumanian representatives at the League have objected to the proposals of the Committee of Five on the ground, apparently, that they interfere with the integrity of Abyssinia, as they undoubtedly do, in complete defiance of the League Covenant. It looks very much, therefore, as if the Russian Government were going to co-operate with the French Government, taking such steps as will ensure that military sanctions at least, and perhaps even serious economic sanctions, are not employed; for the Russian Government, like the French Government, does not regard Mussolini as the great danger to the peace of Europe, but preserves that description for Hitler.

Those who believe that the League of Nations is an instrument for stopping wars may yet think that it may quite well turn out to be an instrument for creating a war, especially if they have noticed that Germany has started to negotiate with Poland and Hungary. If such people care to look at the map of Europe and realise what that move means, I think they would not be so eager to mistake a League of States dominated by France and Great Britain for an international, impartial and all-powerful Court of Justice. PLEB

SIR,—I should be very grateful to your correspondent Mr. Clive Bell and to others of the elementary pacifist outlook for the indication of any clear course of action in the present tangle of interests and ideals. It appears that Mr. Bell can produce none, but relies entirely on the ultimate good sense of the world as individuals.

The only serious danger at the moment to the ultimate success of League sanctions is half-heartedness in their adoption. If the loyal Member States decide quickly on the most effective measures to be employed, and if they apply them fearlessly, the chances in favour of the League are considerable. My hope is that if these sanctions are properly carried out Mussolini will have to abandon the campaign almost at the outset. If this proves too optimistic, what then? If a real war commences, are we in the same position as we were in 1914? No; not quite. Even if the war continues for some time, Mussolini will most likely be defeated in the end. This will demonstrate the power of the League and have a deterrent effect on other prospective aggressors. We shall not be fighting now for the neutrality of Belgium or the territorial integrity of Abyssinia or for the vindication of any particular treaty. The injustice of an Italian invasion of Abyssinia

may be insufficient ground for risking a European war, but what necessitates the taking of such a risk is the defence of the collective system itself.

On the other hand, I can quite understand those Socialists who try to isolate capitalist self-interest from League principle by advocating an immediate boycott of war and its requisites on the part of the workers, irrespective of the action of their governments, provided that they recognise the revolutionary nature of their attitude and the fact that it involves very high stakes. Every human issue entails a certain amount of risk and uncertainty and it is only a matter of individual choice as to how much risk one is prepared to take.

Now it is just this element of chance which seems to upset Mr. Bell, and yet if we adopted his opinions we should be acting with a fantastic disregard for probabilities. The outcome would be the complete discredit of the League as an international force and the abandonment of the world to the free interplay of imperialist designs led by such educational failures as Mussolini and Hitler.

Risky as any attitude whatever may seem in this muddle, Mr. Bell has pinned his faith to a hope which is not only risky, but quite impossible of fulfilment. He appears to rely on the sanity of mankind as individuals not to indulge in acts of violence.

One cannot help thinking that this sort of pacificism is caused by exasperation with the complexity of the issue. Mr. Bell is anxious to find some simple remedy, some broad and clarifying perspective of the situation which will enable him to save his political soul immaculate. (Here I am with him entirely.) "The world is unintelligible"; he reasons, "therefore the world is mad. Accordingly I refuse to consider it further until it grows intelligible and ceases to be mad." Unfortunately, however, there is no such holding aloof possible and we have open to us two ways only. We can support the sanctions, with the slight risk of a European war, or we can do nothing, with the certainty of devastating imperialist wars in the near future.

The League as an instrument of international order is far from what we could desire, but if the world is not sane enough to achieve solidarity with the help of the material force which the League provides, much less is it sane enough to preserve peace without the League. "Who knows?" writes Mr. Bell, "Tomorrow we may all be sober." But surely he does not deny the wisdom of the semi-sober in locking up the whisky?

"Riverside House," Devoran, Truro. A. J. MARSHALL

SIR,—I find it difficult to understand the turnover of many of the conscientious objectors and pacifists of 1916. It is obvious that if this conflict developed into a general war and national service were instituted, the No-Conscription Fellowship of 1935 would have to seek some other chairman than Lord Allen of Hartwood, or some other committee man than Mr. Morgan Jones, though Mr. Fenner Brockway is standing firm.

Are we to understand that these pacifists of 1916–18 think now that their previous attitude was wrong? There can be no difference between a war conducted by the League of Nations and a war conducted by any single State in its consequences to the individual taking part on the one side or the other. And the conscientious objector based his stand on an individual view of life and death as against one dictated by the State.

A piece of doggerel on a leaflet handed to me perhaps puts the position in a way not intended by its writer: I cannot forbear quoting it.

> All aboard for Abyssinia,
> Join the League of Nations Corps.
> One more war to end all war,
> Thanks! We've heard all that tale before
> And we are not having any, any more.

36 Heathcroft, C. H. NORMAN
Hampstead Way, N.W.11.

ECONOMIC NATIONALISM

SIR,—Discussing Italy's obsession with the doctrine of "self-sufficiency" in your issue of September 28th, you write: "The root of the mischief is economic nationalism."

That is true. The world is waiting for the statesman who will see to it that a new World Economic Conference is not only talked about, but convened, and that soon; and who, when it is in session can persuade all the nations to adopt, say, the proposals put forward by representative business men of some fifty nations at the International Economic Conference at Geneva in 1927. They advocated the elimination of all trade barriers. Events have proved the wisdom of their recommendations. In the last few years all the nations have suffered bitterly under tariffs everywhere.

The time is ripe for reviving Free Trade as an active policy of the first importance. If a slogan be needed—well. "Down with all tariffs everywhere!"

Yorkshire, INCORRIGIBLE OPTIMIST
September 30th.

THE HAPPY MARINERS

SIR,—That Mr. Garnett should have completely missed the point of my story for children, *The Happy Mariners*, is neither surprising nor important. But for the information of those of your readers who may like to share with him the pleasure of being supercilious about it, may I mention that the price of the book is five shillings (not seven and six, as stated by Mr. Garnett)?

Harting, Sussex. GERALD BULLETT

PROGRESS IN ITALY

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Lyon, anxious to prove me inaccurate, says in your issue of September 28th:

> Here is a cutting from the *Corriere della Sera* of March 26th, 1932, in which Signor Biagi, Secretary of the National Confederation of Fascist Syndicates, says: "Between June, 1927, and December, 1928, wages fell by about 20 per cent. . . . A further drop of approximately 10 per cent. took place in 1929, and in November, 1930, there was a general downward movement, in some cases not exceeding 18 per cent., but in particular instances involving as much as 25 per cent." . . . Many other adjustments were made in 1931.

Thus he unwittingly disproves his own contention that there is no freedom of speech in Italy. Facts and opinions are freely discussed by the syndicates and the Guilds. Wages receive due criticism, as Mr. Lyon shows.

My figures were absolutely accurate and official, and Italian statistics are compiled by one of the most famous statisticians in the world. I give the table received by me from Rome a few weeks ago:

AVERAGE WAGE PAID PER HOUR IN ITALIAN INDUSTRIES
(Averages for men, women and children, and index numbers)

Year.	Nominal Wage.	Index No. Nom. Wage.	Index No. Cost of Living.	Index No. Real Wage.
1926	L. 2.31	100.00	100.00	100.00
1928	2.12	91.77	84.73	108.30
1933	1.87	80.95	68.59	118.02
1935 (first half)..	1.75	75.75	64.83	116.84
		− 25.25%		+ 16.84%

Money wage reduced 25.25%; Real wage increased 16.84%.

Mr. Lyon, like myself, a citizen of the economically most favoured nation in the world, having approximately free trade with a quarter of it, splendid coal, and great accumulated capital, should not allow himself to sneer at a small land, two-thirds infertile, rich only in the arts. In the last thirteen years, covering a world crisis made abroad and rising tariffs, Italian material progress has been marvellous, and Mr. Lyon should lose no opportunity of looking at the results—in both men and things. What would our people do if coal vanished from our mines, and all our Colonies were owned by Germany?

Of the many current attacks on Italy, the meanest and most stupid is the cry: *How poor you are! How low your credit! We will not lend you money!* In fact, Fascist Italy has not borrowed a penny abroad to carry out the magnificent public works of the past thirteen years. Italy has no external debt, and asks for no credit.

As for the Courtauld point, it is not well taken. Of course, the Englishman's letter would be published, if it were courteous, for the Italians delight in treating Englishmen better than they treat themselves. A sincere friendship should not be lightly thrown away. LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

Royal Societies Club, S.W.

[Figures of real wages based on averages should be treated with caution. They are liable to be very misleading, owing to various

factors which may or may not be taken into account by the compiler. The whole question is carefully discussed in the pamphlet, *The Economic and Financial Position of Italy*, issued last month by the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Oxford University Press, 2s.)—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

Miscellany

WATER AND THE WHITE MAN

["It is not a question of a colour bar in the accepted sense," the manager of the pool, which is one of the biggest in the South of England, told the *Daily Herald*. "Our experience is that women bathers, in particular, do not like to be in the pool at the same time as coloured men."—*Daily Herald*.]

IT is a pity that Water has no tongue. Otherwise in this pother over a pond it would defend the black skin's right to its contact with a flood of eloquence. A few good souls who have taken up arms on behalf of the black hide have generously pointed out that when the white man was in woad, the black man wove to clothe himself. The only way the black man can maintain his self-respect, when he is subjected to these pinpricks, is by reminding himself that the white man has just emerged out of the Dark Ages and that it will take him a little longer to acknowledge the existence of a prior civilisation. When the white man sings in unison of the lesser breeds without the law does he ever remind himself of the state of his civilisation a couple of centuries ago? When the Great Moghuls held the gorgeous Ind in fee and were building lovely edifices their contemporary James I was burning witches. The late Mr. Bok, the American journalist, has computed that the number of poor women burnt as witches in England before and during the reign of James I was some twenty thousand. And what could one say of this typical paragraph from an English guide book of the seventeenth century:—

> Pass gallows on left and three gibbets on right into York. A small ascent: then pass the gallows to Corkehill. Pass through Hare Street with gallows on left, up a small hill with gibbet on right. At end of road cross brook and pass by gallows: leave acute way to gallows where Southworth malefactors are executed; at 8.5 you pass gallows on left: leave Petersborough and pass gallows on right; then over a stone road past gibbet on left, ascend a hill and pass by gallows; up a steep hill past gallows on left.

Imagine the contrast of a Chinese guide book. But I forget. It would be unfair—comparison with the world's oldest gentlemen. For not only did the Chinese invent paper and printing, but the first pair of pyjamas. And their familiarity with water is expressed in inimitable landscapes where the water element is seldom omitted.

And throughout the East water has a very personal significance to the individual. To the Brahmin of India the first thought on waking up for the day is his personal cleanliness. Not for him breakfast in bed, even if he had all the slaves on earth to serve him. He must wash his mouth out before a drop of water can pass down his throat. And before he washes his face he takes some water in his cupped palm and imagining that he is bathing in the holy Ganga he invokes the Spirit of the Holy Waters. While as a compromise to this century some Brahmins allow themselves a very light breakfast before bathing, no Brahmin eats his first meal of the day unless he has bathed. And on bathing, no Brahmin wears the cloth in which he came to bathe. He wears a clean cloth and washes the other to be worn on the morrow. In India, the *Dhoties*, as the cloth of the male is called, are always bought in pairs. One to be washed and dried while the other is worn. And the change of linen is daily. The poor Brahmin must do with just one pair of *Dhoties*, but he is as clean as the Maharajah who has a hundred pairs.

Unless he uses water over his whole body, from head to foot, the Oriental does not feel clean. Nor does it mean sitting in a tub and wallowing in the same dirty water. The water in which he washes must flow away. So that in the slum sections of Calcutta you could see a man bringing a large tin full of water (the tin having been previously the property of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company) and squatting outside it pouring the water over himself with his small brass pot. In fact it is on the subject of water—its personal application—that the Easterner separates himself from the Westerner. The Oriental must use water where the Westerner uses paper. This is a matter where, I believe, a combination of the two methods would be a decided improvement. That is the chief reason why an Oriental thinks a White Man unclean to enter his temple, his kitchen, or where he eats his food.

Invoking religion for our dislikes has some saving grace. It becomes impersonal. In a Vaishnava household in South India they would not give a drop of water to an outcast dying of thirst. It is the pollution they dread. But the individual must not be bound down either by mass religion or mass snobbishness. Individual preference and prejudice is intelligible. There is many a White Man whose face gives me a pain in the neck. Many that I would cheerfully murder. By the same token there must be many a White Man whose lunch or dinner I must spoil by the mere obtrusion of my face into his line of vision. He could, I am sure, cheerfully murder me. That is where the law prevents us from carrying our prejudices into action.

But there is a mass snobbishness abroad now which considers it fashionable to pretend to a contempt for the black man. And invariably it exists among those who are ashamed of their social level. It is for their benefit that one must prove that water has dissolved the dirt from off the Black Man's hide centuries before the White Man thought that water had such a use. Would the following be news to them?—

> The first American bath-tub was built in 1830. It was made of mahogany, and was seven feet long and four feet wide. It was lined with sheet lead and weighed more than 2,000 lbs. The invention was not popular. Boston City Authorities made bathing unlawful and Virginia put a tax of $300 on each bath-tub.

Fifteen years later Boston declared bath-tubs illegal except under medical advice.

The Sunday papers (September 1st) carried an advertisement depicting milady bathing in 1885 (in a basin) and to-day in a decent bath. Though in *Punch* of April 6, 1932, a tooth powder advertiser proclaimed "It was the British race that taught the world the meaning of cleanliness. . ." Again I remember seeing in *Punch* an amusing cartoon of a landlady carrying up a mugful of water to her lady lodger and saying "Here Miss, here's your bath water." And then on page 265 of *The Good Companions* (1929 edition) we have Inigo telling Miss Trant

> "Baths, of course—well, that's asking for difficulties, isn't it. The old Rawsleyans have not quite grasped the idea of a bath yet. A panful—yes! Two pansful—possible! But a bath, involving the contents of more than two pans or five kettles and the subsequent immersion of the human body——"

Only at the beginning of last century Dumas' fencing master was aghast at the sight of 300 men and women and children, all naked, enjoying a vapour bath in St. Petersburg. This happens in Japan every day. Orientals are no strangers to water, but why on earth should they want to bathe in the same pond with White People?

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

DELIUS AT COVENT GARDEN

THE present short season of opera at Covent Garden has been more enjoyable in some ways than the international season in the summer. The performance of Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* is in certain respects better than the summer production; there is a less-mannered Figaro in Leon Ponzio and the new-comer, Stella Andreva, who, I am told, is half Swedish and half English, is a more attractive Rosina than that celebrated American, Lily Pons; her singing, if less startlingly florid, is more accurately in tune. With Vincenzo Bettoni as Don Basilio and Aristide Baracchi as Dr. Bartolo the cast was

really excellent and if the conductor, Robert Ainsworth, can achieve more brilliancy and precision this production of *Il Barbiere* ought to have a great success on tour.

The chief event of the fortnight's season was the first production in England on the opening night of Delius's opera *Koanga*, under Sir Thomas Beecham. This opera is an early work composed about 1896–7, and it was performed in Germany at Elberfeld under Fritz Cassirer in 1904. The libretto is based on an American story of the slave plantations in the Southern States in the second half of the eighteenth century, and it is as good a libretto as a composer may ordinarily hope to find, while having certain features especially suitable to the nature of Delius's talent. It has a prologue and an epilogue which are both sentimental and "atmospheric," and also one scene of nightfall in a forest glade during which nothing happens except that a negro Koanga ascends a hill in a mist and the mist disperses, disclosing the plantation of his owner. I am not of those who think there is only one way of composing an opera or of being dramatic, and therefore I do not complain that Delius is at his best when there is a minimum of action, that he holds one's attention only when—as Mr. Constant Lambert has pointed out—the curtain is down or the scene is in darkness. But it is true that opera requires of a composer, as drama requires of a poet, a certain many-sidedness in order that the full potentialities of the form may be made use of. A purely lyrical or a purely descriptive gift is not enough in the theatre and, indeed, it may even appear there less than it is and fail to make the effect it would make in other circumstances. Delius, as revealed in all his music, was a weaver of musical tapestries and he needed a scene to describe or a mood to evoke, but even in evoking a mood he almost always linked it to a scene. His music in some ways reminds me very much of the poetry of William Morris. Morris needed a tale to embroider with verse and Delius needed a scene or a story to start him weaving this strange, substanceless music which he seems to have been able to spin out interminably. This musical tapestry at its best is rich, insinuating, and has a wistfulness and a certain haunting melancholy; at other times it degenerates into a mere mush of sound which flows along without structure or significance, but which is by its very lack of salient characteristics extremely soothing and grateful to many ears. Hence the vogue of Delius among musicians whose musical sense has been corrupted by Wagner. *Koanga* is full of the influence of Wagner, which, of course, is not surprising considering the nature of Delius's talent and the time when it was composed. A man with a stronger gift, like Debussy, was able to get clear of the influence of Wagner and evolve a truly personal style. But then when listening to Debussy's best works—to *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* or *Pelléas et Mélisande* or *La Mer*—we are at once aware not only of a far more individual utterance than that of Delius, but of a richness and variety of musical invention which Delius never possessed and the absence of which is the reason that although the first five minutes of a big work by Delius are enjoyable, the next quarter of an hour is monotonous. This is true of *Koanga* which has some enjoyable moments, but is elsewhere flat to a degree that will make it forever unendurable in the theatre. On the other hand, it must be said that Delius is never positively bad and commonplace; his work has a certain character, distinct though negative, which attracts some very strongly and almost disarms those whom it does not attract.

Every quality that Delius lacked Weber possessed, and the revival under Sir Thomas Beecham of *Der Freischütz* provided me with the most enjoyable evening of the season. It was not an outstanding production but it had good points. Eva Turner was a really admirable Agatha and Stella Andreva a thoroughly delightful Aennchen. The Caspar of Arthur Fear was convincingly dramatic, especially in the all-important scene in the Wolf's Glen, and the stage-management of this scene with its use of the cyclorama and the flying spectres, though it came perilously near the ludicrous, just missed it and the scene made its due effect. It is astonishing how Weber's music retains its freshness and beauty. Weber could compass the whole gamut of operatic expression, from the lyrical to the tragic, from the gay to the frightful, from the charming to the sinister, everything came alike to his rich musical genius. If we compare *Der Freischütz* with any of the early operas of Wagner (except *Der Fliegende Holländer*) its immense superiority is not to be missed. In the whole of Wagner there is not a scene with the spontaneity and charm of the first scene of Act II, for example, of *Der Freischütz*. Unfortunately the libretto in English is very poor, and it is a great pity that this production should have been given in English for the text is full of clichés and banalities which do not exist in the music, and this is a great handicap to the singers and to the audience.

The last of the novelties which Sir Thomas Beecham has given us is a revival of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with a good all-round cast including Eva Turner (Amelia), Dino Borgioli (Riccardo), Arthur Fear (Renato), Constance Willis (Alrica), and Stella Andreva (Oscar). It is many years since I heard *Un Ballo*, and I must admit, though I am a great admirer of Verdi, that this revival was a disappointment to me. I felt throughout that this was the craftsman, the professional opera purveyor with all his acquired technique and much of his talent at work but never really warmed to inspiration. This may have been a wholly subjective impression, but not once was I moved or thrilled. The melodrama was not real melodrama (as it is in *Trovatore*) and there was none of the exquisite sensibility of *Traviata* and none of the astonishing melodic invention of *Rigoletto*. I should not have been astonished if *Un Ballo* had been an earlier work than either *Traviata* or *Rigoletto* were it not for a certain solid mature craftsmanship everywhere present in it. But surely the work is cold and has little of the vitality of the early Verdi and little of the exquisite beauty of the later Verdi?

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Dance of Death" and "Sweeney Agonistes" at the Westminster

It is a pity that Mr. Auden has taken up with Expressionism, for it has long been exposed as the most ineffective of dramatic methods, and he is a writer who possesses both passionate convictions and an unusual gift for language. *The Dance of Death* fails, except occasionally, either to convince or to entertain because it is too dispersed and too unpolished.

> See how the world its veterans rewards!
> A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
> Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
> Young without lovers, old without a friend.

Here recognition of exact aim comes with every line. But Mr. Auden, stirred by a similar theme, uses a shotgun instead of a rifle, and his peppering leaves the spectator languid. We are shown the bourgeoisie sunbathing, morris-dancing, donning blackshirts and (in the best pulpit style of Mr. Coward) frequenting night clubs. The curtain falls on a successful invasion from the auditorium of Communists who stop the rot with revolvers. One should add that each episode has been enlivened, so to speak, by the figure of Death, danced rather unalarmingly by Mr. Rupert Doone, whose *forte* is not choreography. The production represents a vast expense of spirit by a number of actors, and if the results had been at all commensurate with the goodwill employed, one would have left the theatre in a daze of enthusiasm. One consoled oneself with the hope that so intelligent a man as Mr. Auden would perceive what was wrong, and would next time focus his just hatreds more successfully. The evening's entertainment begins with Mr. Eliot's macabre trifle; the opening dialogue shows that he has a remarkable sense of the theatre, but the chorus (Expressionism again) is merely embarrassing. The production is rather too slow, but the acting is excellent. The programme of the Group Theatre's season at the Westminster is very promising, and though one may think that Mr. Auden's play fails in its object, it is necessary for the health of the theatre that such dramatists should be able to see their works performed.

"Musik im Blut," at the Curzon

Mr. Osbert Sitwell, in a recent essay discussing the reasons for the present ascendency of films over the theatre, concluded "so people prefer to visit the cinema, a young art and full of

life." Perhaps when he wrote he had just seen *Musik im Blut* at the Curzon, for this picture is an example of the youth and vitality which the cinema at its best possesses. It is a delightful picture, and one which it is difficult to praise highly enough. The story is very slight, a simple love affair between the two prize students at the Dresdener Musikakademie, and its progress is hardly noticeable. The picture is rich and beautiful because it captures the wholehearted enthusiasm, the earnestness, the transparent unsophistication of youth. A difficult task, often attempted, but seldom with success; but in this case, for this film there is only one word: perfect. In the same programme is *A Song of Ceylon*, a John Grierson production directed by Basil Wright. This picture deals with the impact between Western commercial civilisation and Buddhism in that island of magic beauty, which rises higher and higher to its summit, the sacred mountain from which the god ascended, leaving his footprint upon the pinnacle. It is impossible to forget the silent majesty of the images of Buddha which fill the screen with imperturbable dignity, or the voice (Lionel Wendt) which recites the divine attributes of the godhead.

"The Dark Angel," at the Leicester Square

Real emotion and rank sentimentality are oddly and thoroughly mixed in this film, which hops backwards and forwards from falsehood to tragedy until only the inveterate filmgoer with cinematographic second sight will know what to make of it. Sidney Franklin's direction, which is tricky enough at times, fails to hold the scenario together or even to stop it squelching, so that the sincerity of the actors is wasted and only serves to make the film slower than *Farewell to Arms*, which dealt more circumspectly with the haste, bereavement and blindness of war—and was often more moving. Four intensely American brats are transformed by the mellow, exclusive mists of the English countryside into a grown-up quartet sufficiently strong-willed and tongue-tied to be recognisable anywhere as Britishers taking their sorrows with that deprecating, stoic gaiety which is the grossly sentimental mask of fortitude. These gallant unfortunates are Merle Oberon, who has ridden (awfully badly) since she was six; the ever self-effacing Herbert Marshall, game to the last; Claud Allister, of whom they've now made a cad, the cads—but he doesn't count; and Fredric March, who acts very well in this film, sometimes as well as in *Design for Living*. Having opposite to him the lovely Miss Oberon, who often looks like Joan Crawford and at times like Anna May Wong, at last, with the declaration of war, sex rears its inevitable head and a terrible triangle is produced on which someone occasionally strikes a deep sincere note or, more often, a succession of distressing tinkles. The pity of it—*i.e.*, of the film itself—is far too long drawn out (it lasts, I should say, three good, small handkerchiefs) but eventually all ends as well as a triangle, which doesn't end, can be expected to. There was also a much applauded Gaumont newsreel and Disney's satirical *Cock Robin*.

The Seven and Five, at the Zwemmer Gallery
Ben Nicholson and Jeanne Simone Bussy at the Lefèvre

Mr. Ben Nicholson has a deserved reputation for the charm of his painting, but in his latest work he seems to be fading into a valetudinarian fastidiousness which reminds one of Mr. Woodhouse. "Mrs Bates, let me propose your venturing on one of these eggs. An egg boiled soft is not unwholesome. Serle understands boiling an egg better than anybody. I would not recommend an egg boiled by anybody else—but you need not be afraid, they are very small, you see—one of our small eggs will not hurt you." Simplicity, in fact, here results in under-nourishment, and one needs to be something of a Christian Scientist to persuade oneself that one has made a square meal. Mr. Nicholson's reliefs resemble overgrown architectural details, and while triglyphs and mutules are pleasant enough, they become significent only in relation to the compositions in which they play their part. The other exhibitors at the Zwemmer Gallery are not quite so refined, but they all show more taste than imagination. Mr. John Piper is the most interesting; and within his self-imposed limits is very satisfactory. Mr. Butterfield unfortunately exhibits only one work. All the Seven and Five are excellent craftsmen, but most of us find the method they employ too ascetic, and it is difficult not to be a little depressed by so Huguenot a dourness. And at the Lefèvre Gallery it is a relief to turn from Mr. Nicholson's austerities to the gay unpretentious paintings of Mlle. Bussy. In a civilisation which expresses itself in refrigerators, it is natural that some painters should produce works which resemble refrigerators. It is equally natural that others should take an increased interest in flowers. A flight from reality? But flowers are just as real as refrigerators. Mlle. Bussy has a French certainty of attack, knowing what she wants to do, and doing it. Her colour, her composition and her *matière* are all satisfactory, and the only fault to be found is that one is too little aware of the personality behind the painting. But painters almost always take a long while to find themselves, and this is Mlle. Bussy's first exhibition in London. It can be strongly recommended to amateurs who like to look ahead.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 4th—
"The Circle," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.

SUNDAY, October 6th—
Dr. Horace J. Bridges on "H. G. Wells' Life-Story: A Side Light on Culture-History," Conway Hall, 11.
Harriet Cohen, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
C. Cockburn on "Memel," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, October 7th—
"The Pleasure Garden," Grafton Theatre.

TUESDAY, October 8th—
C. F. Andrews on "India and Britain, a Moral Challenge." Friends House, Euston Rd., 1.20.
Home and School Council of Great Britain. Course of Six Lectures by Miss Mary Macaulay on "Advances in Understanding Ourselves," Friends House, Euston Road, 5.45.
S. K. Ratcliffe on "President and Constitution," Morley College, 8.
Councillor Charles Simpson on "Education for Leisure," 36 Tavistock Place, 8.

WEDNESDAY, October 9th—
"Two Share a Dwelling," St. James's Theatre.
C. E. M. Joad on "Liberty To-day," Conway Hall, 8.
Schnitzler's Series of "Anatol" dialogues, Gate Theatre.

THURSDAY, October 10th—
Debate "That Man's Place is the Home." For the motion: Ellen Wilkinson. Against: Sydney Horler. Lyceum Club, 8.

FRIDAY, October 11th—
Michael Stewart on "Teaching of Citizenship through Politics and Economics," Morley College, 5.15.

DOUBLE SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

officially approved by

Vauxhall

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

EVERYONE now knows of C. M. Doughty through his prose masterpiece, *Arabia Deserta*, which from being a very rare book has passed into the hands of a large and appreciative public. Knowing *Arabia Deserta*, its readers know Doughty's character, his nobility, his gentleness, his tenderness to all weak creatures, his delight in natural beauty and his deep feeling of common humanity. Of a solitary temper, a student of geology and archaeology, with an absorbed interest in the history of languages, he went out into the Arabian peninsula where he wandered, poor and ill, at the mercy of every cut-throat robber or crazy fanatic, calling himself a Christian but overcoming the universal Moslem suspicion and hatred of the heathen stranger by his obstinate mildness and his lack of fear, bearing blows and threats, treachery and mal-treatment, as he bore with sickness and hunger until he came through his greatest danger safely, at last, out of the desert to a humane *sherif*, who succoured him and sent him to the coast. His whole mind and attitude to life was changed by this experience and he spent nine years in writing his book which has the whole of Arabia in it, the pilgrimage going down to Mecca from Damascus, the life of the Bedawy in their tents, of the townsmen in the oases, as well as the physical features of the land, with its geology and ancient monuments, all told in a personal style, with so rich a vocabulary that the book which is difficult at first, gains with every re-reading. After writing *Arabia Deserta*, Doughty gave up the rest of his life to writing long, pre-Miltonic, narrative poems. They were lucky to find a publisher and found few readers. Edward Garnett, Edward Thomas, W. H. Hudson and I myself, at the age of sixteen, were among the small band who read every word of the six volumes of *The Dawn in Britain* (Duckworth). I rejoiced in such passages as this of the Sea-God :

> In towards the land,
> He turns, with fury, his triple-teamed chariot ;
> And tumult great, of rushing wild-waves' spirits ;
> That ride, as foaming steeds, sea-billows' croups.
> And follow (an infinite spume-sprinkling train) ;
> The, on gólden axe-tree, rolling, broad divine
> Wheels, in wide salt sea-flood, of stormy god ;
> And play him round, and do on him attend.
> Blowing then his sea-children, all, at his
> Command, in whelky horns, grave note ! he leads,
> Vast waters' wall, with plunging foot, on Romans !
> Those taken, in angry surges, twixt sharp cliff,
> And folding flood, in *turmae* and cohorts, perish !
> Ooze covered them, on that deceitful strand.

* * *

I used to believe that Doughty's poems would never become fashionable, or widely known because people would not take the trouble to accustom themselves to the difficulties of his language and his syntax. I do not think so now, as I have learned that people like taking trouble to tease out a writer's meaning. Joyce is fashionable, though *A Work in Progress* is written in an invented punning jargon of words with no meaning at all. Doughty's words are all exact. I think now that it is partly the qualities which brought Doughty alive out of the desert that have led to his neglect as a poet. Doughty is the most serene, the least tormented of poets. Though almost as lonely as Blake, he was spiritually at peace and for that reason has been neglected by a generation which feels that it has no roots in the past. Moreover, literary movements are connected with the political movements of the time. The poetry of the last fifteen years presents a parallel to the frustrated aspirations towards a radically different form of society of a generation that would have liked to abolish national and class differences, but which has only succeeded in intensifying them. Doughty's only message was a patriotic one : he foresaw the war with something that seems now like second-sight and two of his poems, *The Cliffs* (1909) and *The Clouds* (1912) were intended as trumpet calls to rouse Britain to arms before it was too late :

> War will, 'mongst World's new Nations, rage again.
> War, hell of man's devising ; whence babes are
> Made orphans, wives left widows. War shall slay
> Five times ten thousand men, the flower of Britain ;
> In His first days. Then shortly shall be changed ;
> (Whereof a memory only shall remain ;)
> Your liberty to Enduring Servitude !
> . . . Were they not six times utterly undone ?
> Vanquished and dispossessed, thralled, servants made,
> In this Home Soil, to strange invading enemies ?
> And, in those fathers' loins, ye yourselves were.
> How boasted thou thyself, son of a Jute ?

One of the most striking of his prophecies in *The Cliffs* (1909) describes an airship falling in flames on the Suffolk coast and of the burial of the bodies. The visitor to the Saxon church, full of the Doughty family memorials, at Theberton will find the grave of the crew of a German Zeppelin in the churchyard. If the U-boat campaign had been successful and England had been starved into surrender, these patriotic poems would be read with a very different emotion to-day and Doughty would be honoured, not for his prose, but for his weakest poetry.

* * *

Two books published this week should do much to attract attention to Doughty's poetry. *Selected Passages from The Dawn in Britain*, arranged, with an Introduction, by Barker Fairley (Duckworth, 3*s.* 6*d.*) is excellently devised as " a sort of decoy dangled before the running reader " which is exactly what is needed. It is perhaps a pity that Professor Barker Fairley's selections are not taken from the whole body of Doughty's poetry, for *The Dawn in Britain* is the most difficult of the poems as well as the greatest. *Charles M. Doughty, a Study of His Prose and Verse*, by Anne Treneer (Cape, 10*s.* 6*d.*) is a most admirable exposition and valuation of all Doughty's work. It must be confessed that, even when he has grown acclimatised, Doughty's verse may give the reader a shaking-up :

> Stripped of harness,
> She, ah ! Ligorix, in the high-starred, ghastful, night ;
> Found 'mongst slain corses, fallen all him around.
> Was none there, with her, but a little maid.
> Then, long, they, on her back, great poise, assayed,
> To hoise, such power hath love !

Miss Treneer admits frankly : " There is a demon in Doughty, the demon which seems to lurk about all students of the history of words." It shows itself (in my opinion) because " he hated words which merely indicated relationship," and especially in the habitual omission of the definite article ; " 'neath dogstar " jolts me like a cruel rider's jerk at the reins. Moreover, as Miss Treneer says : " his wilfulness in twisting the natural word-order of English was his poetic bane." Professor Barker Fairley would not admit this. He sees Doughty

> not as a left-handed or cranky poet who would not listen to reason, being headstrong and even fanatical in his self-isolation, but one of the great masters of English poetry, who did a great thing well, a poet who can be read for sheer style, as we read Milton. All that is needed is the approach—Doughty's approach—through his word-sense, his sense of the individual word. It will be clear that Doughty feels his words differently, more separately than other poets and that, if he could, he would just set the large words down and let them speak for themselves. . . . It is not the fault of Doughty's lines that they frequently fail to run smoothly like Spenser's. This is their virtue.

That is perfectly true. The individual word was all-important to Doughty. Miss Treneer deals at length with his vocabulary. Occasionally she reveals an ignorance of every-day rustic English. Thus *chitty-face* for a pert girl is current, *windrow* is used by every farmer at haymaking (and by D. H. Lawrence) *swapt off his head* is not merely " better than swept," it refers to the *swap-hook* used for cutting brambles and hedges. Nor did Doughty call beasts " by their half-forgotten names " when he used the words elk, water-vole and newt. The older word for newt is *effet* ; surely it must be somewhere in the *Dawn in Britain*. Doughty's most tiresome habit, as Miss

The epic biography

HAIG *by* Duff Cooper

War Paint
F. V. Morley

A story packed with adventures, discoveries, and escapes as they occurred in the great days of fur-trading on the North-West Coast of North America. 7/6

Janus
by George Barker

'A unique book—an intense passion plays like a lambent flame over every line. I know of no man who holds greater promise.'—*Time and Tide*. 'So clearly a work of genius.'—*Listener*. 7/6

A Grammar of the Film
Raymond Spottiswoode

The first popular but systematic study of the principles of film technique. 'A good book, a wise book, a balanced book, and an intelligent book.'—HAROLD NICOLSON: *Daily Telegraph*. 7/6

Black Parade
a novel by Jack Jones

'A great book'.—H. G. WELLS. 'An even greater sweep and assurance than *Rhondda Roundabout*. One cannot speak too enthusiastically of it.'—*Morning Post*. 7/6

Bright Armour
Monica Salmond

'An original, winning, profoundly touching book.'—LORD DAVID CECIL: *Spectator*. 'A nurse's work in war time. The author, then, was Monica Grenfell, Lord Desborough's daughter. . . . Admirably direct and objective.'—*Evening Standard*. 7/6

I and Me
E. Graham Howe

'Fascinating—a medical psychologist's analysis of the self. Here, at length, is a book on this theme not out of touch with reality.'—*John o' London's*. 7/6

Come Dungeon Dark
a novel by J. A. Cole

A very amusing novel of modern politics, The Child, Idealism, and all that. 7/6

Idle Hands
a novel by Edward Charles

A particularly fine and sympathetic novel by the author of *Sand and Blue Moss*. 'Intensely interesting.'—*Glasgow News*. 7/6

Memories of Racing and Hunting
The Duke of Portland, K.G., G.C.V.O.

The Duke of Portland has long been known on the turf, not only for having won all the classic races, but as a first-class judge of horses. There are chapters on the Welbeck stud and on the Derby, and many amusing recollections of his racing friends. The sections on hunting describe the Duke's experiences with many famous packs, and again he has many good stories to tell, for his friendships reach back to the first Lord Wilton and Mr. Little Gilmour, both of whom figure in Sir Francis Grant's well-known picture 'Melton Breakfast', painted in 1835. *With 64 pages of illustrations.* 25/-

24 Russell Square FABER & FABER London, W.C.1

Treneer points out, was to use current words in their ancient meanings: *libertine* for a freed slave, *dissolute* for disunited, *superfluous* in the sense in which the Douai Bible refers to "worshipping superfluous beasts." Doughty went back, as Miss Treneer says to Spenser and Chaucer because he did not want his words, in Professor Herbert Read's phrase, "to flash with interverbal meanings" like Shakespeare's. He regarded himself, not only as a poet but as a champion rescuing English words from the foul captivity in which they had languished, forgetful of their primitive virtue, for nearly three centuries. His demon led him also, as Miss Treneer says, to the use of harsh names, Adama instead of Eve, and there is a likeness here to Blake's prophetic books. Golgonooza, Guledig, Cogidubnos, Goibniu, Ololon, Dagda, and Palamabron were given their names by poets writing in unrelieved solitude.

* * *

I have indicated some of the difficulties, but there are commensurate rewards. Doughty has the gift of writing lines that remain fixed in the memory. Thus love is

> A flower whose stem is fire, whose leaves are frost.

More than any poet of modern times his words, speaking for themselves, give a realistic image of the majesty of nature.

> Go up the Gauls in mighty shadows, cold;
> Where trembles the air, with drone of waterfalls;
> And sinks, upon their sense, crude mizzling reek.
> From darksome pines, they mount to snowfleckt crags,
> Whence solemn mountain spires soar, and pierce heaven,

It is in such passages that one is aware, that, as Professor Barker Fairley points out, "Doughty and Hopkins are as natural a pair to name together as Wordsworth and Coleridge. . . . When one considers the difference between them in temperament, Hopkins as tortured as Doughty is serene, and in theme, Hopkins intensely lyrical and personal, Doughty impersonal and detached, it is astonishing to discover how much they share in technique." For most readers to-day the tortured and the personal inevitably mean more in poetry than the serene and the detached, because poetry is not their daily preoccupation, but something to which they turn in moments of acute unhappiness and emotional unrest. Such readers will never find *themselves* in Doughty but they may find peace, particularly in the pastoral and lyrical passages. But, for myself, I like Doughty best when he is least contorted:

> In my weariness, I long hour;
> Fulfilled with joy of heart, have rested here;
> Since when, in yonder field, his sweaty team,
> The ploughman loosed, lifted the shining share,
> From long cleft clod; and on his wheelers chine,
> Rode sideways whistling to his horses stalls.

DAVID GARNETT

PARETO

The Mind and Society. By VILFREDO PARETO. Edited by ARTHUR LIVINGSTON. *Cape.* Four vols. 84*s.*

Here at last is a translation into English of the *Trattato di Sociologia Generale*, which was published in 1916, a French version appearing in the following year. The course of events since its publication has gone to confirm some of Pareto's principal theories, and also has probably been to some extent influenced by them. The book appears to me one of the capital intellectual achievements of our age. Unfortunately its length—there are over two thousand pages in the English edition—and the demands it makes upon the reader's attention are likely to prevent it being widely read. Indeed an abridged edition would be welcome, for Pareto often provides some point with illustrations, which, however curious and fascinating, are unnecessarily numerous. The English version is preferable to both the Italian and French editions, because of Mr. Livingston's admirable editing; he has verified each of Pareto's innumerable quotations, and his own notes are so invariably to the point that one wishes they were more frequent. Since Pareto is still so little known in this country, one should perhaps add that he was born in 1848 of a Genoese father and a French mother. After some years spent in railway engineering, he devoted himself to Political Economy, and was elected to a Chair in this subject in the University of Lausanne. He appears to have made some valuable contributions to the science of economics before he turned his attention to sociology. He died in 1923.

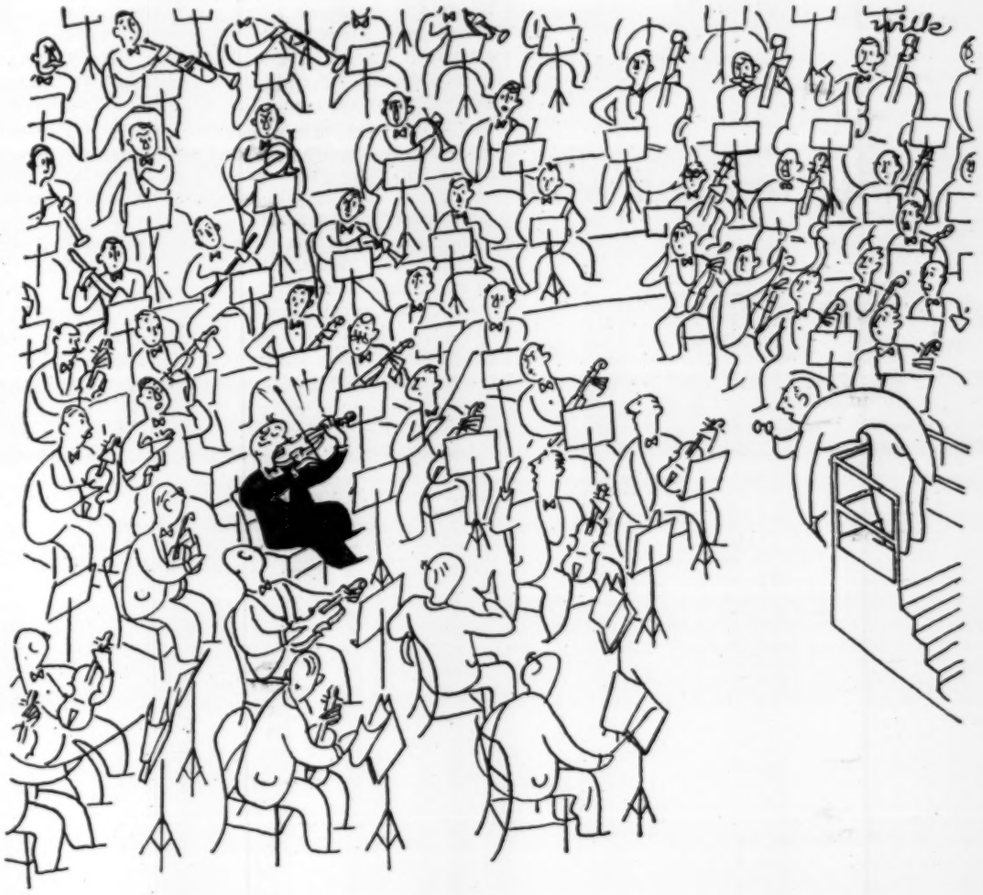
The basis of the book is the distinction between what Pareto calls "logico-experimental science" and all other forms of human thought. The former type accepts proof only from objective experience, and is by definition incapable of arriving at "absolute" truth. (It is a logico-experimental theorem, for instance, that an increase in heat produces a regular expansion in mercury, but this is a contingent truth, for a change might come over the Universe resulting in an alteration of this rule.) The latter type depend on Revelation, Intuition, "Right Reason" and other metaphysical concepts, and often claims to be absolute. Moreover, there is a constant attempt to disguise theorems of the second order as theorems of the first order. A large part of Pareto's book consists of a ruthless stripping of this disguise; Plato and Aristotle, Augustine and Aquinas, Kant and Bentham, Hegel and Comte, Spencer and Maine, are in turn exposed as rising superior to logic. In this vast work of destruction Pareto proves himself an intellectual power of the first order, and this part of his book forms incidentally the most cruel satire on the human intellect which has ever been produced.

Pareto shows that all these non-logical theorems are manifestations of instincts, sentiments, appetites and interests, which he calls "residues"; one of these being the impulse to give a logical form to non-logical beliefs. These residues remain more or less constant, while their manifestations, which he calls "derivations" vary from age to age. And here one must point out that what Pareto calls a "derivation" is the sociological equivalent of the psychological term "rationalisation." Pareto never mentions Freud, and I think probably had not read him, but in his theory of the preponderance of the non-logical elements in human thought and behaviour he arrived by a different road at conclusions analogous to those of the psycho-analysts. His classification of the residues is curious, and, I think, could have been improved with greater knowledge of psychology. The two most important are those he names Class I, "Combination instinct," and Class II, "Group-Persistence." Class I includes the impulses and interests which lead to innovation, and Class II, those which tend to conservation. Inventiveness, the desire to reason, and enterprise in commerce belong to the former, religion, patriotism, and family-feeling to the latter. The history of a society, he deduces, depends largely on the proportional strength of these two residues in the different social classes. A strong, but not overwhelming, proportion of Class I residues in the governing classes combined with a very strong proportion of Class II residues in the mass of the people produces the most effective societies, and to maintain this balance considerable freedom of class-circulation is necessary. (A governing class must be able to shed its less competent and over-conservative elements, and to absorb the more competent and innovation-loving elements in the governed class.) It is important to remember that Pareto is concerned only with societies, and that the effectiveness of a society does not necessarily bear any relation to the well-being of the majority of the individuals composing that society. For instance, the collapse of the society known as Austria-Hungary may have been advantageous to most of its component subjects. Pareto never discusses what makes a society good, he deals merely with what strengthens or weakens it.

It has become evident that Pareto's drastic exposure of the non-logical elements in human thought and behaviour leads him to painfully unexpected conclusions. The continuous and enormous influence on human history of muddle-headedness, intellectual dishonesty and credulity is treated as evidence of their social value. "A theory may be in accord with experience and yet be harmful to society, or in discord with experience, and yet beneficial to society." Pareto, in fact, is a modern Macchiavelli, with this difference, that *The Prince* was written as a guide to practice, whereas Pareto appears to be impelled merely by a passionate desire to discover the truth. If, however, his book were reserved as an inner doctrine for dictators, it might be merely an instrument of reaction. And, in fact, Mussolini has probably been influenced by it: he made Pareto a senator, and the Fascists claim him as a forerunner. He was, however, too profoundly sceptical to accept Fascism as more than a potential practical improvement on a system with the corruption and inefficiency of which he was too well acquainted.

SOLD OUT!

For some weeks now THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *has been sold out over the week-end at many bookstalls. The only sure way of securing your copy is to place a definite order.*



"Still keeps going when the rest have stopped"

Exide

THE LONG LIFE BATTERY

FOR CARS AND WIRELESS

R.143

For Wireless H.T. get **Drydex** the Exide dry battery

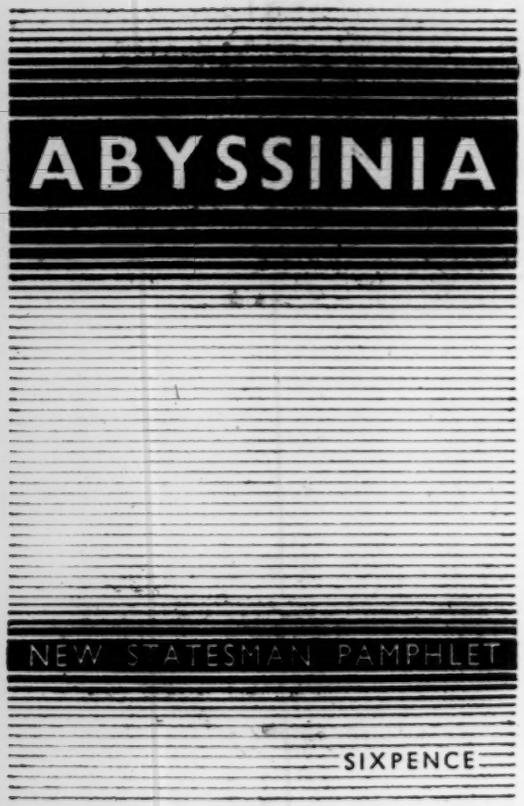
From Exide Service Stations and all good dealers. EXIDE BATTERIES, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester.
Branches: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast.

WAR

is notoriously the best-seller

BUT

there are other reasons why



has

SOLD NEARLY 20,000 COPIES WITHIN A WEEK!

These reasons you will find in its 64 pages

by

"Vigilantes"

(Authors of THE DYING PEACE)

SIXPENCE

At all bookstalls and newsagents or from

NEW STATESMAN & NATION

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

It is true that Pareto was biased against democracy, partly because his knowledge of it was derived from Italy and France rather than from England and Scandinavia. Consequently he attributed to despotic regimes and the *manière forte* a greater efficacy than they in fact possessed. But it would be a grave error to underestimate Pareto, because one does not share some of his opinions. It is possible to represent him as an angel of darkness, because he maintains so resolutely the distinction between what is true and what it may be advantageous to believe. But the real enemy, I suggest, is the philosopher (like William James) who tries to abolish this distinction. Pareto himself thinks on the whole so clearly that the reader, infected with his clarity, at once notices where the book shows prejudice. Pareto repeatedly insists that he never enters the region of ethics, he is concerned with the causes and consequences of actions and beliefs, never with right and wrong, conceptions which, he maintains, have no basis in logico-experimental theory.

Pareto's conclusions are not very startling or new, and it is not primarily as a constructive contribution to sociology that the book is important. It might be said that he has done little more than dissect and classify facts which are implicit in many other works. But I know of no book which treats human thought and behaviour with such inhuman objectivity. Since we all prefer books which accept, or at least do not ridicule, our own conceptions of what is desirable, Pareto is unlikely to be widely read. But I know of no book a careful study of which is so likely to raise one's intellectual standards, and I should like to see undergraduates obliged to take an examination in it, as they used at Oxford to have to take "Divvers." A few of them might as a result become Fascists, but as training in clear, logical and objective thought, no book that I know can compare with this. I should perhaps add that, while Pareto is often stiff reading, he is also extraordinarily entertaining.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

A GOOD EUROPEAN?

Frustration or Stresemann's Race with Death. By ANTONINA VALLENTIN. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. *Constable.* 5s.

Gustav Stresemann: His Diaries, Letters and Papers. Vol. I. Edited and translated by ERIC SUTTON. *Macmillan.* 25s.

The dust cover of *Frustration* tells us that many eminent authorities have already praised this book since it was first published in 1931. There can be no possible doubt that a cheaper edition in 1935 will be eagerly welcomed, even by those who have become a little impatient of biographies trimmed with picturesque incidents which may never have occurred. The Stresemann Papers now published by Frau Vallentin's translator, Mr. Sutton, are, on the other hand, inevitably crammed with a plethora of actual occurrences. Mr. Sutton's task has been both difficult and important, and he must not be blamed for the fact that translation from German is at all times a dulling process, and seems particularly to quench the fire of Gustav Stresemann.

What kind of creature was this Stresemann, and what the goal at which he aimed? Those are the questions we long to have answered. Frau Vallentin has many delightful tales to tell; that occasion when Stresemann conquered Poincaré by being romantic over un-Americanised Austria hangs in the memory. The story of how he made the *Café Bavaria* into the centre of Geneva's life by the warmth of his personality and the beer he could drink, will remind a younger generation of the presiding genius of the *Taverne* in Berlin. But there is more to know; one turns back to Rudolf Olden's able book and to d'Abernon's Diaries. At last in the short sketch of the English Ambassador one finds a personality which it is impossible to doubt. I do not blame the others, for I am prepared to believe that most of us require an English interpreter who can define Stresemann in our own terms.

D'Abernon found him as "brilliant, daring and bold" as Churchill, never sly as John had painted him. He found in him a Greek intolerance of cant and humbug; he defined his essential policy as "to bring about such a moderation of hostility between France and Germany as would permit European pacification." Both the books under review fail clearly to illuminate Stresemann's aims, partly perhaps because neither is always happily translated, partly because the man developed so rapidly from a romantic young Berliner into a great European. "Was Stresemann sincere?" Mr. Wickham Steed most pertinently inquires in the *Observer*, and, with his question, publishes the letter of September 7th, 1925, to the ex-Crown Prince. When Mr. Sutton, whose

first volume tantalisingly ends with the year 1924, has provided us with the rest of the Stresemann Papers, perhaps the answer will emerge from the new material. Meanwhile the faith of Frau Vallentin and Mr. Sutton in Stresemann's honesty is difficult to refute. Sir Austen Chamberlain was certainly convinced of it, and we can scarcely believe that *le docteur* fooled two men so famed for their scepticism as Briand and d'Abernon. The letters to the Crown Prince now published by Mr. Sutton scarcely live up to the "hero-worship" Mr. Wickham Steed imputes to Stresemann, and the letter of September, 1925, though very disquieting, might be primarily an attempt to approximate more nearly to the Hohenzollern idiom. There is certainly nothing reactionary—nor Nazi—in the words of October, 1924, "Never has a great spiritual movement in the world been led to victory if it has not made the freedom of inquiry the centre point of its ideas," nor in the honest admission, in the Karlsruhe statement of June, 1924, that the war had been lost. Nor does Mr. Wickham Steed deny the "passionate idealism" of the speech the German Minister made before the League in 1929, on the very verge of his premature death.

It is probably true that Gustav Stresemann was a marvellously quick developer who stole wisdom for every event as it passed, and showed his fundamental sincerity by the rapid evolution of new aims. If one believes this, it is at first quite unbearable, now in the 'thirties, amidst the ruins of the beneficent building they had planned, to read the story of Stresemann, Briand and all those men of good will who worked together in the 'twenties. As one reads, however, one catches sight, I think, of "silver streaks on an otherwise dark horizon"—as Stresemann once said at Elberfeld, borrowing the phrase from Bergmann, of whose death we have just heard. Those men laboured against the exasperation of delay and the blindness of public opinion at home; often they must have felt as gloomy as any negotiator at Geneva to-day. Yet they were able for a moment to bring about a higher degree of European co-operation than history had known before, and it seemed magnificent then—not ludicrous—when Briand cried out *C'est fini la guerre*. When force has failed again, and if humanity can survive the ordeal which the new barbarism is bringing upon it, Stresemann, who succeeded without force, will be hailed as one of the prophets of the new age. For at Locarno, at Geneva, at The Hague, it was achievement rather than frustration.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

NEW NOVELS

As I Lay Dying. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

Odd John. By OLAF STAPLEDON. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Faith, Hope, No Charity. By MARGARET LANE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Down the Sky. By MARGARET D'ARCY. *Murray.* 7s. 6d.

Madame Fears the Dark. By MARGARET IRWIN. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

Introducing the Arnisons. By EDWARD THOMPSON. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

Barren Harvest. By ANDRÉ CHAMSON. Translated by JOHN RODKER. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

We all have our blind spots—our failures of sensitiveness—and, personally, I am one of those misguided and obscurantist readers who have never succeeded in developing a proper degree of admiration for the novels and stories of Mr. William Faulkner. There is no doubt that he *could* write very well. But will he let himself? Even stronger than his determination to write vividly is the temptation to twist and torture a perfectly straightforward narrative into the most uncouth and unaccommodating shapes. Reality may be harsh: but this novelist's rendering of reality is yet harsher and more brutal. He has always struck me as a masochist in prose. We are told that Mr. Faulkner formerly earned his living painting houses; and, as often as he sets out to unfold a story, I imagine him hoisted half-way up a particularly hideous Victorian façade, his tongue protruding from the corner of his mouth, one eye closed, while with blobby paint-brush he follows the rigid convolutions of some ornamental bracket or balustrade—loathing, yet obscurely relishing, his decorative labour.

An orderly mind may produce a chaotic book; but I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Faulkner's mind is as chaotic—or almost as chaotic—as his prose style. The confusion of his style seems to be the index of some interior confusion—some fundamental muddle-headedness which, although it does not exclude occasional

Have any
LINGUAPHONE
course at Home on a
WEEK'S FREE TRIAL

—and when we say "Free" we mean "Free"—no deposit and no obligation. Whatever language you want to learn, try the Linguaphone Course in that language for a week at home and see what astonishing progress you make.

See how quick and easy it is to learn a new language

COURSES IN:
French
German
Spanish
Italian
Russian
Dutch
Polish
Swedish
Irish
Portuguese
English
Afrikaans
Esperanto
Persian
Chinese
Literary Courses and Travel Talks for Advanced Students

The Linguaphone method is simplicity itself. You listen to the world's most famous language-teachers conversing in their own language, and you follow in the illustrated Text-book. In a very short time you find yourself speaking the language fluently and understanding it with ease. Surely it's worth a trial, when you consider the new enjoyment and new opportunities you get from knowing a foreign language.

Post the coupon for the free 28-pp. Book which tells you all about Linguaphone and how you can have any Course on a Week's Free Trial.

Linguaphone
FOR LANGUAGES

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

or, if in London, call for a personal demonstration at our Head Office, 24-27, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
West End: 209, Regent St. W.1.

To THE LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE,
116, Napier House, 24, High Holborn, London, W.C.1
Please send me, post-free, your 28-page book about the quick, new and easy way of learning languages.
I am interested in the ..... language(s).
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
(Please write in block capitals) .....

flashes of real descriptive genius, hangs like a heavy fog over every book he has yet produced. *As I Lay Dying* must be numbered among the foggiest. Back again in the cotton-growing states of America, we are introduced to the usual family of poor white trash—simple violent folk, who express themselves now in the lingo of rustic barbarism, now in the jargon peculiar to the modern novelist out on a metaphysical spree. The farmer's wife lies dying at the top of the hill; and as she lies propped up against the pillow, she hears the sound of the adze fashioning the planks of which her coffin is to be put together. Many different personages pass her bedside. Just how they are related to her we are obliged to find out for ourselves, since their reflections and recollections are served up by the novelist in raw, undigested lumps, and no attempt is made to connect their ramblings. Presently, she expires. . . . Meanwhile, the weather has broken. On her death-bed, Addie Bundren had voiced a wish to be buried in the family vault at Jefferson some distance away; and the latter part of the novel is concerned, obliquely and impressionistically, with the efforts of her husband and sons to convey poor Addie to her final resting place.

As I Lay Dying is a portentous and difficult volume; and equally portentous, though somewhat less difficult, is Mr. Olaf Stapledon's really terrifying portrait of a modern super-man. If anything could be more intimidating than the dust-cover—which portrays a foetus-faced, owl-eyed adolescent whose cranium bears an abundant crop of feathery white wool—it is the personality depicted by the book itself. John was a fascinating but hideous child. Men shuddered; woman averted their gaze; yet both sexes fell a prey to the queer magnetism exerted by this attractive yet repulsive changeling, who wooed them, exploited their affection, but afterwards turned away and left them unsatisfied. *Scandalous Adolescence* is one of Mr. Stapledon's best chapters. Otherwise, though his book is seldom dull, it is unconvincing as only a semi-realistic, semi-philosophical book can be; and the account of how John makes the experiment of retreating to the wilderness—the North of Scotland—where he tears off his clothes and exists on roots and raw flesh, is as incredible in substance as it is exalted in tone.

After John, living the life of a caveman among the heather and getting into telepathic communication with other super-men, whom he discovers all over Europe in lunatic asylums, slums and similar dark and unexpected forcing-houses of individual genius, it is a relief to arrive in the comparatively lucid and well-ordered world described by Miss Margaret Lane. *Faith, Hope, No Charity*, in spite of its clumsy title, is an unusually well-written and entertaining book. The story is made up of two parallel, loosely connected strands. There is Ada, whose family inhabit Wapping through harsh necessity—Ada's father, the ex-ostler, now acts as caretaker and general handyman of Albatross Yard; and there is Charlotte, who has taken up her abode near the Pool of London from sheer caprice. I am not sure that these two strands have any valid connection. Is it possible that Miss Lane had the material of two books, but decided that it would be more convenient to write them as one? Both books, however, were worth writing. Miss Lane starts off, most successfully, with her evocation of proletarian Wapping—her picture of the marriage festivities is as good a description of modern "low life" as I have lately read—then pursues, at first with more halting and undecided steps, Charlotte's abortive endeavour to escape from her bohemian surroundings with the help of an extremely nice, passably prosperous but entirely characterless young man.

The last chapters are devoted to the story, brilliantly detailed, of how Charlotte, bent on making a *mariage de raison* with Tom Ackroyd, who adores her, but whom she does not love, is foiled by Mrs. Ackroyd, his masterful mother. . . . Competent, too, though in a much quieter and less emphatic style, is Lady Margaret D'Arcy's *Down the Sky*. Here is a first novel of considerable grace. Unlike most authoresses of first books, the novelist is content to take a small canvas—to study a single situation—and to concentrate her skill on two main figures. Again a masterful mother makes her appearance. Philip, like Tom, is in love with a woman much older than himself; but Claire, unlike Charlotte, is consciously and painfully in love with the young man. The slow deterioration of their love affair—the gradual disintegration of their hopes—is conveyed, surely yet subtly, as the story proceeds. Lady Margaret has the kind of unobtrusive cleverness that is far more telling than any amount of emotional melodrama.

Miss Irwin and Mr. Thompson are practised hands. Miss Irwin has already entertained us with several extremely well-constructed historical novels; but *Madame Fears the Dark*, a collection of short stories, is slightly disappointing. Her effects are inclined to come a little too pat. If you choose to imagine the past as horrid, picturesque, mysterious, then this glimpse of Madame de Montespan, haunted by the recollection of former sins, as she cowers in the depths of her bedizened bed, may strike a pleasurably responsive note. You may be stimulated by these vignettes of satanism and witchcraft. . . . But was the past so very unlike the present? One reader, at least, cannot resist the conclusion that, in order to understand the past, we must stress the similarity, rather than the romantic dissimilarity, of present and former times. Life is always humdrum while it is being lived—as humdrum, for example, as the honest middle-class family doomed to penurious existence in a drab northern provincial town, among whom Mr. Edward Thompson has unearthed the materials of his latest story. *Introducing the Arnisons* is a respectable, if not particularly exciting, book. The father of the family, a missionary from Ceylon, dies in Cornwall, worn out with hard work and disappointment. His wife, accompanied by her children, moves north—only to discover that the countryside she had known as a girl has been transformed by the octopus-growth of industrialism and that there are houses and pit-heads where she remembers open fields.

The Arnisons are typical of the middle-class, living on the fringes of industrialism, despising its products and resenting its effect on their personal lives. John Arnison, who seems destined to emerge in a second novel, might have expected better things. Carrière, on the other hand, accepts industrialism and industrial servitude as a natural accompaniment of his private career. Translated from the French, *Barren Harvest* is an interesting story which tells of a group of German workers transplanted to a French industrial village. At first, there is antagonism; then a warm friendship springs up between Carrière and the German family with whom he shares a hut. But this friendship does not survive a visit to Germany and what he sees of the German people under Hitler; and he returns home bitterly disillusioned. *Barren Harvest* is a passionate and convincing plea for human unity in the teeth of political differences.

PETER QUENNELL

HAIG

Haig. Vol. I. By DUFF COOPER. *Faber and Faber.* 25s.

This eagerly expected instalment of Mr. Duff Cooper's biography takes us down to the end of the Somme; it does not, therefore, directly bear upon the acuter phase of the controversies aroused by Mr. Lloyd George's famous attack upon its subject. It allows us to see that, from their first contacts, Haig temperamentally was not the kind of man to work easily with Mr. Lloyd George; and it provides a basis upon which his suspicions were reasonably founded. Certainly the letter from Mr. Lloyd George printed on p. 356 is not easily compatible with the activities recorded on p. 357. Mr. Lloyd George's explanation will be awaited with interest.

But, at this stage, the real significance of the volume is in the general impression of Haig that emerges. Clearly, there is nothing of inspiration in his composition. Hardworking, devoted to his profession, a good organiser, with considerable power over detail, all these qualities he had. For the rest, he appears as a pretty commonplace mind. There is no evidence of large views on any theme. Nothing suggests a grasp of political problems or an understanding of the political mind. Consciously or no, Mr. Duff Cooper has painted a portrait of the industrious and fortunate apprentice. He was fortunate in being the child of rich parents. He was fortunate in making influential friends. He was particularly fortunate in his marriage which gave King Edward a special interest in his career. It must be added that he aided fortune by his own energy and obvious competence. He was the kind of man who deserved to get on because he cared about his job intensely. But there is nothing in Mr. Duff Cooper's account which suggests more than this. He makes it clear that Haig was disinterested. Intrigue, in the sense loved by Sir Henry Wilson, was wholly alien from his nature. He had a fine stubbornness, an ability to keep his mind on the task in hand, a serenity of temper, which all deserve high praise. But he was not a soldier with fire in his belly. He did not innovate. He played the professional soldier's game according to the best rules. His was not the type which innovates by questioning the assumptions upon which the rules are based.

The obvious remark one is tempted to make is that this volume reveals Haig as a great gentleman; and the interesting reflection

Ataraxists

Thanks, "Y.Y.", for introducing us to the word "ataraxia" in your delightful commentary upon the example of the Wisconsin innkeeper, who has escaped from his worries and troubles during the past twenty winters by hibernating. But, as you point out, in order to hibernate successfully, or even with safety, one's adipose must be adequate.

There is small likelihood of readers of this paper following the innkeeper's example, however, for whatever their attitude is to life's problems, it will never be one of indifference. Nevertheless, when a customer pays us a visit after a lapse of several years and remarks that his Goss clothes don't seem to fit him quite as well as when he first had them, can we be blamed for suspecting ataraxia?

But shall we leave this vital problem unsolved. If a customer has outgrown or ingrown a suit it is no business of Goss to enquire the reason but to supply the remedy. Speaking for ourselves, we find consolation in J. M. Barrie, who has said that "the useless men are those who never change with the years."

Goss clothes have one fault, they last too long, that is to say, too long for us. And now we are about to make them last even longer. If there is any reader whose Goss suit doesn't fit him as well as it did, we ask him please to bring it along and we will "make the measurement fit the time."

In plenty of West End shops you can pay as much for a ready-made as for a Goss suit; it is not comparison Goss fears but the risk that some readers may be tempted to buy ready-made clothes without knowing what Goss can do for the same, or even less, money. This particularly applies, at the moment, to overcoats. It is such a temptation to "take one off the peg," but the little trouble of calling on Goss is negligible compared with the disappointment you may have later if you buy a ready-made.

The two brothers Goss, assisted by Mr. Whitehouse, do all the measuring, cutting and fitting personally. They employ only first-class sewing tailors and their selection of materials is wide in range, distinctive in design and durable in quality. A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing no more than Six Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas. Whatever you pay, the standard of Goss workmanship is the same.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

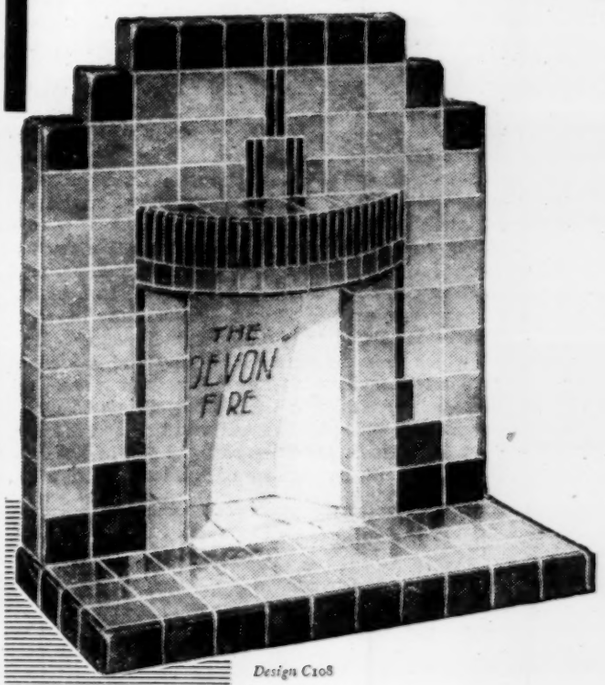
GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

Opposite Post Office Station *'Phone: City 7159*

"I'm always burning to welcome you"

SAYS THE DEVON FIRE



Design C108

Bright, cheerful coal fire—small, cheering coal bill—Devon clay firebowl saves 25% of fuel costs. Devon designs to suit your taste—bold, modern designs—period pieces—hundreds to choose from. Write to us for free illustrated catalogue or visit the London showroom at Berners Street, W.1. You are welcome to come and see Devon Fires in the making at Heathfield, Newton Abbot, Devon.

THE DEVON FIRE

CANDY & CO. LTD. (Dept. Y) DEVON HOUSE,
60 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Works: HEATHFIELD, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.

arises whether the great gentleman is the kind of soldier fitted to direct wars of the modern kind. If I read him aright, Mr. Duff Cooper's line of defence, in his second volume, is to be that his policy on the Somme "taught the British to fight" and that, on Ludendorff's own testimony the "heart of the German army was broken." That is, of course, the orthodox view of Haig's school. Mr. Lloyd George has assembled a massive indictment against its implications; and, so far at least, Mr. Duff Cooper has not begun an effective response to it. No doubt he has reserved his main argument for the second volume. So far, he has only told us that Haig was an honourable man well acquainted, if in an uninspired way, with the technique of his profession. Broadly, I do not imagine Mr. Lloyd George would quarrel with that description.

HAROLD J. LASKI

JOHN BAILEY

Letters and Diaries. Edited by his Wife. With a prefatory Note by PROFESSOR G. M. TREVELYAN, O.M. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The literary criticism of John Bailey, and especially his study of Johnson and his circle, is delightful reading, but these letters and diaries, skilfully and sympathetically edited by his wife, are more likely than his formal work to preserve his memory. Bailey was a perfect representative of the Oxford culture of his generation, the generation to which Matthew Arnold was the exemplar of both moral and intellectual achievement. Like Arnold, of whom he said he knew no one to whom he owed so much, Bailey was passionately attached to Oxford. "How the air of it," he writes, "is drenched with emotion to me as well as beauty." In London he looked for what was most like Oxford. As a young man he lived for some years in the Temple, "a part of London," Mrs. Bailey writes, "which with its cloistered beauty and academic flavour was peculiarly congenial to him." In later years his favourite resort was the Athenaeum Club, where he found what Professor Trevelyan calls "the play of mind with mind on literary and other topics, which seemed to him an essential part of civilised life." What was best in this atmosphere of privileged culture he was well qualified, with his sensitive intelligence, to absorb and enjoy. His letters abound in good stories, what Clemenceau said of Wilson, how Lloyd George discomfited Cramp, Kipling's surprise at the Colonial soldiers who preferred the variety of European life to the wide spaces of Canada and Australia, Swinburne's account of what happened to Queen Victoria when Wordsworth read her extracts from *The Excursion*. But Bailey also illustrates the limitations of the over-cultivated. By a perversion of language good taste has come to mean not the taste of persons with healthy appetites, but of persons with weak digestions. With evident sympathy Bailey quotes Henry James's plaint that all the stories we know of Shakespeare are "commonplace; commonplace; almost degrading." With equal sympathy he records at the beginning of the war that Henry James "is passionately English, and says that it is almost good that we were so little prepared, as it makes our moral position so splendid." This heroic acceptance of England's unpreparedness would be more becoming in someone who had taken part in the Retreat from Mons.

John Bailey, his wife writes, was interested in foreign politics, and in constitutional and financial questions, but not in industrial problems. "I think," Mrs. Bailey writes, "that the absence of any historical background to disputes about wages and hours somehow made them unattractive to him." She adds that his conscience always harassed him lest his views on industrial disputes should be unduly biased, because he was a member of "the so-called 'comfortable classes.'" The "so-called" suggests that the comfortable classes are not really so comfortable as a member of the (so-called) uncomfortable classes might suppose on seeing a bishop and a politician emerging from the Athenaeum. Whether the suggestion is generally true, it was true of Bailey in the sense that he suffered from the feeling that his culture was not deeply rooted in sympathy with the mass of his fellow men. "The hero," he writes of *The Brothers Karamazov*, "is a kind of Christian saint with that amazing love of sinners which is the only thing that heals them . . . and is one of the many things in the book that fill me with shame and a sense of how very far I am from being in the real sense a Christian." The all-embracing charity which he could appreciate when presented to him by the genius of a great writer he could not make a part of himself in his attitude to living persons. Arnold Bennett, for example, is dismissed by him as "a clever, cold, shallow journalist." As for Frank Harris—but it is hardly fair to Bailey to judge his aspirations towards a richer humanity by his account of Harris in high society.

HUGH KINGSMILL

ATTITUDINISING

Feminine Attitudes in the Nineteenth Century. By C. WILLETT CUNNINGTON. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

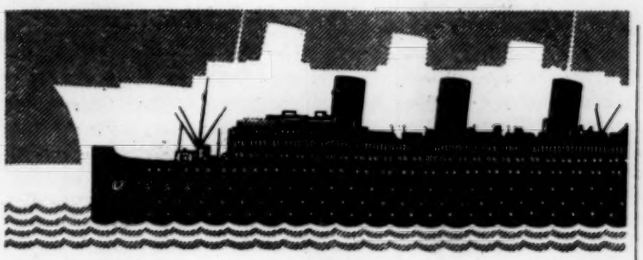
Is there a philosophy of clothes? Carlyle thought so, and so does Professor Cunnington, who certainly has more personal knowledge of his subject than his predecessor had, as will be remembered by anyone who visited last year's "Exhibition of English Women's Clothes in the Nineteenth Century," and saw there his remarkable collection. The present book is an elaboration of his Foreword to the Catalogue.

Feminine Attitudes is more limited in scope and more definite in aim than was *Sartor Resartus*, for Carlyle used clothes as a peg on which to hang his thoughts on all things in Heaven and earth; while Professor Cunnington, being a post-Freudian and also writing only of women's clothes, treats them almost entirely as revealing the attitudes adopted in successive decades by women towards the question of sex. Then again, Carlyle saw clothes as in themselves the moulding influence converting a "forked radish" into a member of the House of Lords; while for the Professor they are the frivolous and malleable material used for its eternal purposes by a determined and devastating Instinct. All this sounds overpoweringly serious, but the book, on the contrary, is superficially not serious at all. It is light, amusing, and readable, full of entertaining extracts from deservedly forgotten novels, of correspondence from the columns of young ladies' magazines in the days when young ladies' reading was exclusively young ladyish, of fashion descriptions, and of advertisements of aids to beauty. This assortment of little Period Pieces is presented by Professor Cunnington in the true ironic manner, and from his material he has constructed so convincing a picture that it appears to be a complete portrait of an epoch. Of course it is not so, nor would the author for a moment contend that it is.

How to use your Bank

It pays the Bank to be used by its customers, though many of its services cost the customer nothing at all. It is therefore the Westminster Bank's policy to popularise its services by issuing from time to time simply worded explanations of various ways in which it is glad to be used. Amongst its publications are the following: *Points before Travelling*, notes on the Protection of Travellers from Loss. *Thirty-nine Advantages* of an Account with the Bank. *Securities*, their Custody and Supervision. The *Income Tax* of Customers and Shareholders. *Forward Exchange*, the bulwark against changing Rates. *Cruising* with Travellers Cheques. *Wills*, the Bank as an Executor

Copies may be had at any local branch office of
WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED



Not the only Pebble on the Beach

All the World is talking of our wonderful ship "NORMANDIE" and her meteoric sweep into fame has perhaps caused the public to be momentarily forgetful of our other famous ships, each unsurpassed in its sphere. The same exquisite style, faultless service, and the traditional French Line cuisine is the lot of the traveller on a French Line ship, no matter which one he may choose for his crossing.

The fleet is unsurpassed on the Atlantic, and no unit is more than eight years old.

French Line

Southampton—New York

"ILE DE FRANCE" | a ship that has for eight years carried more luxury passengers between Channel Ports and New York and vice versa than any other ship irrespective of size.

"NORMANDIE" | the World's largest and fastest liner. "The Perfect Ship."

"LAFAYETTE" | the World's third largest motorship on the North Atlantic, the acme of comfort combined with economy, a "Cabin" ship.

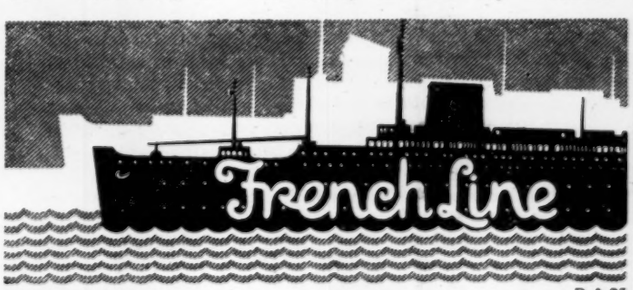
"CHAMPLAIN" | the World's largest "Cabin" liner. Handsomely decorated and furnished. Big cabins. Vast saloons, unrivalled decks.

FROM SOUTHAMPTON

"ILE DE FRANCE"	October 9
"NORMANDIE"	October 16
"LAFAYETTE"	October 23
"CHAMPLAIN"	October 30

Apply to all leading Travel Agents or to

CIE. GLE. TRANSATLANTIQUE, LTD., 20 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1



D.A.35

The Fabian Society

FRIENDS' HALL LECTURES

Autumn, 1935

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Friends' Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 24th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "Socialism and the Planned State." The dates, subjects and lecturers arranged are as follows:—

1. Thursday, 24th October. **"WHAT SOCIALIST PLANNING MEANS."**
   Chairman: THE EARL OF LISTOWEL.
   Lecturer: MR. G. D. H. COLE.
2. Thursday, 31st October. **"THE CASE AGAINST PLANNING."**
   Chairman: THE RT. HON. WEDGWOOD BENN.
   Lecturer: DR. T. E. GREGORY.
3. Thursday, 7th November. **"THE MENACE OF NAZI-FASCIST PLANNING."**
   Chairman: THE RT. HON. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON, M.P.
   Lecturer: MR. S. K. RATCLIFFE.
4. Thursday, 14th, November. **"THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT."**
   Chairman: LADY NOEL-BUXTON.
   Lecturer: PROFR. H. J. LASKI.
5. Thursday, 21st November. **"A CRITIQUE OF SOVIET PLANNING."**
   Chairman: SIR RAYMOND UNWIN.
   Lecturer: MRS. BARBARA WOOTTON.
6. Thursday, 28th November. **"THE PROSPECTS OF GREAT BRITAIN: PLAN OR NO PLAN."**
   Chairman: THE RT. HON. SIR WILLIAM JOWITT, K.C.
   Lecturer: BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 14th, 1935, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and front rows of gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back rows of stalls and gallery, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 4715.

He has tapped exclusively second-rate sources for his data, and there is no doubt that his description accurately fits a large section of the feminine world in nineteenth century England. But alongside of this world there was another, a smaller world, a world of the *élite*, a world of women who would certainly have claimed that they, more than the others, represented the feminine society of their day.

In the first ten years of the century, Professor Cunnington sees "men discard their religion and women their underclothing"; his young girl's letters disclose only "a quiet deadliness of purpose,"—the purpose of catching a husband; and his grandmothers find that their grand-daughters have "never been taught to converse except in the common jargon of *bon-ton* talk." But at the same time, Dorothy Wordsworth, describing her tour in the Highlands, tells how she slept in a crofter's Cottage, and watched "the varnished rafters and beams which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the underboughs of a large beech tree," while "the moonlight entering in by some means or other" made her think of "the fairy land of Spenser." She was talking on equal terms with Coleridge, Lamb, and Rogers, entertaining Sir Walter Scott at Dove Cottage, and writing her long delightful letters to Lady Beaumont.

In the thirties and forties, Professor Cunnington's young ladies preserved "their beauty and health" by lying on their backs in the open fields and waving their legs in the air with "grands battemens, petits battemens and battemens on the instep." Or they were "standing passively in a bustling world as a monument to the abstract virtues." But Florence Nightingale was then talking politics with Monckton Milnes, organising Anti-Slavery Meetings, working at mathematics, drawing and embroidery, reading *Sybil* to her mother, and *The Daughter at Home* to her sister Parthenope, and making ready for a work greater than any which has fallen to the share of any twentieth century woman.

In the fifties and sixties, the Professor's Girl of the Period has "done away with moral muffishness," dyes her hair and paints her face, and "is made of Belle metal, three parts brass"; or she is embroidering slippers for pale-faced curates. Meanwhile, at Winchester, the Moberlys possessed two first-rate string quartettes in their own family, as well as a chorus; they were reading the classics, and walking out to dinner at Otterbourne with Miss Charlotte Yonge.

In the seventies, "to be shocked was becoming a thrill in the otherwise uneventful existence" of the Professor's young ladies, unless, in modest reaction, they ask the Editor of their favourite magazine "Where can I get the song, *I Would I Were a Violet?*" But the first women's colleges were then being founded, and Tennyson saw the girls round him as "sweet girl graduates."

In the eighties and nineties the "feminine attitudes" alternate between wildly sporting on tennis courts and bicycles, and a "Prudes' Progress," all unaware of that other world where the Tennants at the Glen were dazzling by their wit, and interesting by their intellects, such men as Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Jowett, Arthur Balfour and Alfred Lyttelton.

It must sadly be conceded that the Professor's ridiculous creatures tugging at their stay-laces and dressing to appear as "drawing-room ornaments," largely outnumbered the Dorothy Wordsworths and the Florence Nightingales. The lives of the remarkable women of the last century are well known to us from countless memoirs, journals and letters; Professor Cunnington's quarry has been their undistinguished contemporaries, and this well-documented and amusing book depicts them with painful veracity.

EDITH OLIVIER

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

The Autobiography of Montaigne. Selected, arranged, prefaced and newly translated by MARVIN LOWENTHAL. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The essay is not in good odour to-day. The brevity of its form signifies a detachment, a disinterestedness and even playfulness in the writer. These qualities are suspect as being bourgeois, anti-social. We are all expected to have a scheme of life, a fervour for the good of the community. A dreadful era of dogmatism is upon us.

Depressed individualists will therefore be cheered by Mr. Lowenthal's effort at popularising Montaigne, whose wisdom is of a fashion that is not being worn at the moment. The effort is made with such skill and ingenuity that one forgets the editor and is persuaded to forget also the leisurely, tedious background from which the material is scissored. There is not much statement of biographical fact, for as the subject says of himself—

> My actions would tell more of my luck than of myself. They would witness their own rôle, and not mine—save by conjecture and guess. They are samples of their own showing. But I show myself in my entirety: at one view the skeleton, muscles, and veins—here a cough and there a heart-beat, and their elusive effects. It is not my deeds I write—it is I and my essence.

Mr. Lowenthal accordingly preludes this careful pasting up from the essays, giving us an introduction on the man and his world that is as sufficient as anything outside the work of M. E. Lowndes. I do not agree with Mr. Lowenthal, however, where he says that "our contemporary legend pictures Montaigne much as he appeared in the re-action of a hundred years ago; a dyed-in-the-wool conservative, a Stoic, and a devout Catholic, whose tortuous and confused mind tossed up almost by chance an occasional liberal idea—the excretion of a dilettante."

To toss up a liberal idea would not now be regarded as a virtue. No, the criticism of Montaigne in our present age of zealotry is summed up in that last phrase: he is condemned as a dilettante, who must be condemned for his middle-class act (after all he was the son of a herring-merchant) in retiring from the world at the age of thirty-eight, protecting himself with the pretence of old age, and proclaiming his immunity within his "ivory tower."

But in fact the "ivory tower" seems not to have been much more than a week-end cottage, or a summer-school for one, to which this busy civil servant, very much in the inner activities of the Downing Street and Whitehall of his time, retired at intervals to digest the too heavy material of his experiences in a world as chaotic as our own. As Mr. Lowenthal emphasises, "his retirement was largely a myth. He tells us as much when he says that his *Essays*, written over a period of twenty years, were done 'in scraps and intervals, often interrupted by long months of absence.'"

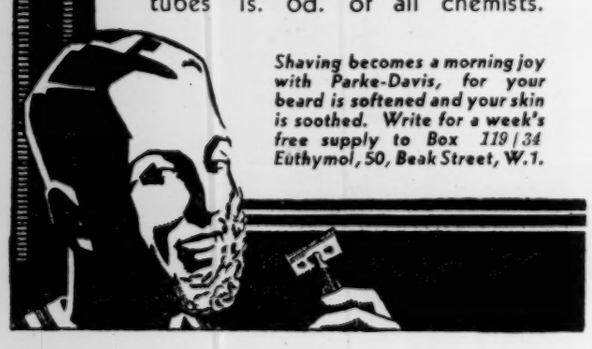
That famous, or as our generation might call it, infamous detachment of the man was as much the result of his experience as of his temperament. Beginning, like Arthur Balfour, with riches and a bad memory, he had neither the need nor the inclination to be anxiously demoniac in his pursuit of a career. Herein lay the source of his irony, and his ability to see with

You too should use:—

PARKE-DAVIS
Shaving Cream

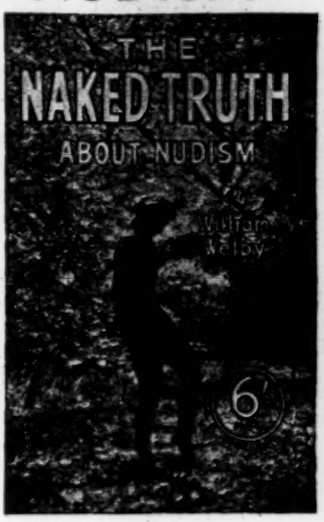
Use it for one week and you will always shave thus. That is why we gladly offer you a seven-day free trial tube. You will be delighted with the comfort and efficiency of this perfected shaving cream. Large tubes 1s. 6d. of all chemists.

Shaving becomes a morning joy with Parke-Davis, for your beard is softened and your skin is soothed. Write for a week's free supply to Box 119/34 Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, W.1.



THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT NUDISM

By WILLIAM WELBY



WE have the greatest pleasure in announcing the publication of this new work.

Forty thousand people during the past twelve months have read and enjoyed this author's original work, *Naked and Unashamed*, (3/10 *post paid.*), and it is in deference to repeated enquiries and in consequence of the steady growth of the Movement that this new book makes its appearance.

The original book dealt with the subject from an observer's point of view. Since then, however, the author has become an enthusiastic Nudist himself, and this volume deals in detail with many aspects in the light of personal experience, close study and wide discussion on the subject.

Despite his convictions, however, the author does not present his work as a piece of special pleading. It is not biased in any way, and will prove to be just as interesting to the non-Nudist as to the confirmed adherent.

The book runs to some 200 pages, and its ten Chapters cover such subjects as:—

WHAT IS NUDISM? NUDISM AND HEALTH. SOCIAL NUDISM.
SUBORDINATION OF SEX. WHY THEY BECAME NUDISTS. MY IDEAL CLUB.
CLUBS WE HAVE VISITED. ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT. INDOOR NUDISM.
HAS NUDISM A FUTURE?

Twenty-four Full-page Photographs of Beautiful Natural Studies complete the volume.

This book, a reproduction of the cover of which is shown above, will be acclaimed as the most complete and up-to-date work on the subject, and will, in consequence, be in great demand.

Place your order, therefore, NOW. **6/6** *Post Paid.*

This book is obtainable from your Bookseller, or direct from—

THORSONS, Publishers, Dept. 169,
91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Complete Catalogues sent free on request.

TO-DAY LONDON WEEK appears on the bookstalls —Every Friday, 2d. Articles and thumbnails on Theatres, Cinemas (West End and Suburban films and houses cross-referenced), Restaurants, Music, Ballet, Books, Art, Clothes, Radio, Sports. A permanent directory of things like all-night garages and chemists. Telephone numbers and easy reference. Not without humour.

Quadrant Arcade, Regent Street, W.1. Regent 3386.

LONDON WEEK TELLS YOU EVERYTHING

"THIS GREAT SERVICE THE LIFE-BOATS"

"I appeal," says the Prince of Wales, "to the men and women of our Empire to give generously in support of this great service—the Life-Boats. I appeal not only as President of the Institution, but as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets."

Edward P

One million £/- are needed every year. What can you afford as your share?

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY

October-December, 1935

contains five articles dealing with

THE FUTURE OF THE B.B.C. & BROADCASTING:

BERNARD SHAW	on	The Telltale Microphone
W. A. ROBSON	on	The B.B.C. as an Institution
HILDA MATHESON	on	The Record of the B.B.C.
A LISTENER	on	The B.B.C. and Music
IVOR THOMAS	on	Systems of Broadcasting

Other Articles:

A Policy for the Depressed Areas	by	Henry A. Mess
Chants of Progress	by	G. D. H. Cole
The Peasant & Soviet Agriculture	by	Sir John Maynard

At all Booksellers
Annual Subscription £1

Published by Macmillan & Co.
Price 5s.

Balfourian fastidiousness through the chicanery and crudeness so necessary in public life. In his close relationships with the King of France, and the Dukes of Navarre and of Guise (these last two respectively the rival leaders of the Protestants and the Catholics), he must have seen a considerable amount of intrigue, and must have helped in the civil servant's endless task of washing politicians' dirty linen in private.

" In all government," he says, " there are necessary tasks which are not only abject, but vicious. They may be excusable because they are useful to us ; but let us consign them to such citizens as will sacrifice their honour and conscience for the good of the country, as others sacrifice their lives. Public welfare requires that men betray, lie, and massacre ; we will leave these commissions to men who are more obedient and supple."

As for the positive achievements of public life, he is equally as realistic. " The secret is that most business gets done by itself. I was once deeply impressed by the grandeur of our enterprise of state ; but when I made myself acquainted with the motives and skill of those who carried it out, I found very ordinary brains at work."

This quotation makes me suspect that I have exaggerated about the antagonism which may be felt towards Montaigne to-day ; for here, in this typical mood of Tolstoyan contempt for heroes and " stars," he is very much the modern Communist.

The trouble about discussion of him is that sooner or later, in his vast variety, he contradicts all one says about him. That is why he survives, perpetually whetting our curiosity. We find Saintsbury, for instance, speaking of him as " rarely inspiring " ; but nevertheless he has said some of the most penetrating things ever said by critics about poetry. " At the lower end of the scale, poetry can be judged by precepts and laws But the real, the supreme, the divine is above rule and reason. Though you may see its beauty with a steady and knowing eye, you see no more than the splendour of a lightning flash. It doesn't work upon our judgment ; it ravishes it."

This hardy old sceptic, so sensitively strung that when reading he " is assassinated by the buzz of a fly," baffles the portrait painter. Perhaps he suspected that he would prove so elusive when he wrote, " I shall leave no one behind me to whom I can fully confide the painting of my portrait. I'll gladly come back from the other world to give the lie to anyone who will shape me other than I was, even to honour me."

Mr. Lowenthal has done wisely in inviting him back, and offering him to us in his own words. RICHARD CHURCH

HOUSES AND THE COMMUNITY

Modern Housing. By CATHERINE BAUER. *Allen and Unwin.* 20*s.*

Miss Bauer's work on Modern Housing runs to more than 300 pages, not one of which is dull. The author has not merely toured, surveyed, amassed information and set it down with 22 plans and diagrams and 48 pages of photographs : she has used the results of years of investigation and research to illustrate a fine and stimulating essay. Horrified by the chaos of present-day American housing Miss Bauer set out to study the best post-war housing in Europe, and made a careful study of the work done in Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Scandinavia, in Vienna, Paris, Copenhagen and Zürich. Russia was regretfully excluded from the tour, since its achievement was not, two years ago, individual or significant enough to repay detailed investigation. A book on Modern Housing in ten years' time may have to be all about Russia, Miss Bauer thinks.

The author has studied not only towns, but the philosophies and economics of those who built them, and the work of those Utopians, pioneers and reformers who would have had them otherwise. (Miss Bauer is a little hard on the reformers, and reveals an impartial distaste for the contributions of Octavia Hill and the Sidney Webbs.) Her thesis is summed up in her introductory note : " although it is not true that any social-economic order which could produce good housing would be *ipso facto* a good system, it is certainly true that any arrangement which cannot do so is a reactionary and anti-social one." That a capitalist society has not, and in the long run cannot, produce good housing Miss Bauer has demonstrated with an overwhelming mass of evidence. She rightly praises much of the work done in Europe since the war, but isolated examples in the midst of " blight " are not enough, and the essence of her definition of modern housing is its community character. " . . . the integral unit for planning, the economical unit for construction and administration, and the social unit for living, is the complete neighbourhood, designed and equipped as such." Such planning involves public ownership and control : it must be non-speculative, and designed for efficiency and not for quick profits.

On questions of technique Miss Bauer is rightly less dogmatic. Her chapter on architecture, her comments on flats and skyscrapers, and on the use of various materials, are thought-provoking, but in no way final. Miss Bauer in her last chapter returns to America. The forlorn plight of the U.S.A. is due to the fact that its working people have not yet formulated a demand for good housing.

Miss Bauer's book is interesting, learned and lively. It should be in every public library, and be bought by everyone who can afford it. IRENE T. BARCLAY

MR. ELIOT

The Achievement of T. S. Eliot. By F. O. MATTHIESSEN *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The title of Mr. Matthiessen's book comes as a reminder that the " terrible moderns " are no longer terrible. Mr. Eliot has ceased to be the cult of the few and the joke of the many ; and indeed it is now unsafe, even in the Sunday papers, to make play with the obscurity of *The Waste Land*. A generation has grown up which in adolescence read Eliot with no more fuss than any other poet. The only difference resides in the degree of influence. It is true, I believe, that there is to-day in England no younger poet deserving pen and paper who is not indebted, by more or less, to Eliot's work.

Mr. Matthiessen has no doubts about the certainty of the achievement. He claims unconditionally that in Eliot's criticism " we have the first full revaluation of poetry since *Essays in Criticism* appeared in 1865 " ; and he adds that it " definitely placed the author in the main line of poet-critics." That is plain speaking, in large words ; but does it run far ahead of demonstrable facts ? Between poetic taste and practice in 1910, and in the present time, there is a degree of difference amounting to revolution. There has been a major, a conceptual, reconstruction of means and ends. If the work of any one man can be correlated with that development, the man is Eliot.

The Edwardian poets had two characteristic manners : the expression of sentiment, and verbal pictorialisation. They used a style of " noble utterance," inherited primarily from Wordsworth, and muted or diminished into the minor key when it became too loud for commonplace sentiments. It was essentially a melodic line, without implication, and descriptive. Eliot, by contrast, is harmonic or contrapuntal, accumulates secondary associations, and crystallises in each phrase the very act of perception. His cadences and turns of phrase, apart from what they represent, are *in themselves* dramatic and incantatory, and not merely reflective. The difference is akin to that between *The Retreat from Moscow* and Cézanne's half-a-dozen apples on a napkin. The one seeks to describe the artist's feelings in their native idiom by an imitation of memory, the other selects and arranges verbal or visual symbols which will reanimate those feelings. At the basis of Eliot's criticism is the insistence that the artist must create objects, in terms of his art, which will correspond with the complex of feelings and thoughts that he wishes to manipulate.

This sense of words as " objects," having in their own category a natural analogy with material substance, has produced striking results. The scope of verse has expanded to " the width of the horizon." By a studied precision and selection Mr. Eliot has been able to charge his vocabulary with the lost qualities of the macabre, of boredom, of verbal wit, of vulgarity, of the supernatural. He has fashioned an idiom that is coextensive with the full range of contemporary experience. In place of a segment, marked off as beauty, for those who " go in for that sort of thing," he has created a miniature cosmos of contemporary urban experience, intensified by his own implicit critique of that experience.

With the change in poetry itself there goes a change in the estimated use of poetry. Eliot, I believe, would claim two uses for it : to preserve and rearticulate the keen edge of language, without which there is a loss of emotional and intellectual differentiation—a loss, that is, of certain experiences, and to convert into commonly identifiable symbols the finest nuances of the shape and texture of contemporary experience. It is arguable that we live by a vocabulary of words and sense-perceptions that is always at least thirty years behind the fullest human sensibility.

Part of the poet's function is to combat that lag by inventing

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.
ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM. BALLET Season. W., Th., Sat.
DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.
DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.
GAIETY. Ballets Jooss. Wed., Sat., 2.45.
GLOBE. Accent on Youth. Wed., Sat.
HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Th. & Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.
PHOENIX. The Unguarded Hour. Thurs., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.
S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.
VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA and BALLET

COLISEUM. Charing X. Tem. Bar 3161.
BALLETS
de Léon WOIZIKOVSKY
and FULL CORPS DE BALLET.
EVGS., 8.30. WED., THURS., SAT., at 2.30.

GAIETY. Tem. Bar 6991.
EVGS., 8.45. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.45.
BALLETS JOOSS.
New Ballets. Four Weeks' Season.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
LONDON'S BEST PLAY. (TENTH MONTH).

ALHAMBRA. EVGS., 6.15 & 9. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
TULIP TIME.
THE FUNNIEST PLAY SEEN FOR YEARS.
GEORGE GEE, STEVE GERAY,
JEAN COLIN, SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, BERNARD CLIFTON.
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3. Whitehall 2525.

CAMBRIDGE. Evgs., 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
THE APPLE CART.
ESME PERCY, ORIEL ROSS,
CLARE HARRIS, JAMES CAREW.
Tues. next, *MAN AND SUPERMAN*, in ENTIRETY.

COMEDY. EVENINGS at 8.30. Whi. 2578.
Mats., TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 140 PERFORMANCES.

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES.

DUCHESS, (Tem. 8243.) Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
ANGELA BADDELEY MAY WHITTY

GLOBE. (Ger. 1592). Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Samson Raphaelson's Comedy,
ACCENT ON YOUTH
Nicholas Hannen, Greer Garson, Mary Glynne.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sats.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. EVGS., 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, RACHEL BERENDT in
"THE UNGUARDED HOUR"

QUEEN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 4517.)
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

THEATRES—continued

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

SAVOY. 8.45. Tues. & Fri., 2.30. (Tem. 8888.)
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES and OSCAR HOMOLKA in
CLOSE QUARTERS
By W. O. Somin, adapted by Gilbert Lennox.
The play produced by Irene Hentschel.

STRAND. (Tem. Bar. 2660.). Smoking.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. (Vic. 0283).
Evgs., 8.45 (Weds., 6.30 & 9). Mats., Sat., 2.30.
GROUP THEATRE SEASON.
THE DANCE OF DEATH, by W. H. Auden.
SWEENEY AGONISTES, by T. S. Eliot.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Something New From Russia!
A Riot of Fun that has set all Europe laughing!
ALEXANDROV'S
"JAZZ COMEDY" (U.)

Book *now* for the British Première of Eisenstein's
"TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD"
("OCTOBER")
Fri. & Sat., Oct. 18th & 19th, 2.15, 5.15, 8.15 p.m.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.
Admission: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. (res'd); 1s. 6d., 1s. (unres'd).
Bookable—N. S. KINO FILMS, Ltd., 84 Gray's Inn Rd.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday next, October 7th, for Seven days.
SIMONE SIMON in
LAC AUX DAMES (A).
The film of VICKI BAUM'S novel, *Martin's Summer*.

SHOPPING BY POST

"I'M sick of trying to chew maggotty apples . . . please let me have some of yours," writes a N.S. & N. reader. Leslie Clark's Worcesters are sweet, crisp and crimson. 10 lb. 6s. 6d., carr. pd., 20 lb. 10s., carr. fwd. WALTERS FARM, Galleywood, Essex.

WE SPECIALISE in Bootwipers, Scrapers, Hopper bird-feeding tables, and Humane Traps. MESSRS. "SPADE SCRAPER," Wappenham, Towcester.

PURE CHINA TEA.
THE original TEMPLE GATEWAY KEEMUN direct from China in 5lb. miniature Chinese chests, canister lined, 15s. each, cash with order or sent C.O.D. from Dept. T., ROWLAND STIMSON & Co. (estd. 1885), Stimson House, 28 Tower Hill, E.C.3.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD
is the famous EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD in thick fingers. It has had an instant popularity.
Per tin by inland post 3s.
Foreign postages on request.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh 2.

WON'T SHRINK! MOTH-PROOF! ODOURLESS! The new Blanket, "Moderna" is GUARANTEED 3 YEARS. In 8 beautiful Shades; or White; or Coloured Borders. All pure lamb's wool. From 17/6 pair. See it at your Draper. Send p.c. for interesting, useful FREE BOOKLET, "6 Ways to Make a Bed." YORKSHIRE SALES CORPORATION, LTD., Dept. 6, Parkwood Mills, Longwood, near Huddersfield, Yorks.

DEPENDABLE WINTER UNDERWEAR DIRECT FROM MAKERS.—This Autumn, lowest prices ever! Send postcard for FREE PATTERNS and Illustrated Catalogue of lovely "B-P" Underwear, British made and dependable. No middlemen's profits, so well below any shop prices. Saves you shillings in the £.—Every size and every style for Women, Children, Men. Outsizes a speciality. Pure Wool, Mixtures, or Art Silk. Beautifully soft, silky, warm, long-lasting. Guaranteed against shrinkage. ("They are everything you claim them to be," writes a customer.) COMPLETE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Free Patch Service.—Write to BIRKETT & PHILLIPS, LTD., Dept. N.S., Union Road, Nottingham.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Evenings 8. Saturday, 5 & 8.15.
The Queen Was in the Parlour.
By Noel Coward.

HARROGATE White Rose Players.
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
The Ace. By Hermann Rossman.

LIVERPOOL. Playhouse.
Evenings, 7.45. Sat., 2.30.
Barnet's Folly. By Jan Stewer.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
Streets of London. By Dion Boucicault.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Wasps' Nest.
Adelaide Eden Phillpotts & Jan Stewart.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

DANCE

STUDENT MOVEMENT for Peace, Freedom and Cultural Progress. DANCE, Cabaret, Bar, etc. SUFFOLK GALLERIES, Haymarket. Friday, October 18th, 8–1.30. Admission 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

HEXWAY. A delightful game for two, three or four players. On an entirely new principle. Played with hexagons. Bright and attractively produced. 3s. 6d. from leading stores. Illustrated list free from publishers:—ROSS LTD., 2 Albion Terrace, Southampton.

MIKAH PREPARATIONS ARE HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.
Mikah Brand Ointment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Colds, Stiffness, 1s. 3d. or 2s. 6d. jar.
Mikah Psoriasis Cure is a Cure! 3s. bott.
Mikah Psoriasis Scalp and Hair Lotion, 3s. bott.
Mikah Eczema, Psoriasis, and all Skin Troubles, 2s. 6d. bott.
Try them. You will be thankful you did so.
SEND for these to MIKAH PREPARATIONS, Ash, Aldershot.

AUTO-INTOXICATION! Acidity, Dyspepsia, CONSTIPATION, Arthritis, RHEUMATISM, COLITIS, and all Stomachic complaints. Inquire re Professor Metchnikoff's food, New Research Company, Dept. 9, Normandy, Guildford.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howartha, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

WOODCARVING.
L. W. PENDRED is a woodcarver in the medieval tradition and the modern style. He can make many suggestions how this rare and lovely art can fit in to the modern or period home. Photographs are available. Send for particulars. Pishill Bank, Stonor, Oxon.

CHARITIES

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Several of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months. Convalescent cases sent throughout the year. Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

LOANS

PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

new rhythms, new patterns and new images, more nearly appropriate to his immediate environment. Neglect of that diminishes the range of poetry, to the point where an urban society is found attempting to live on a diet of bucolic verses and a palette holding nothing but green and blue.

In the reorientation of poetry Eliot has not operated in a vacuum. Hulme, Wyndham Lewis, Joyce and Pound, to name four of his contemporaries, have been engaged in the pursuit of very similar ends. Eliot himself has no conspicuous talent for abstract speculation; he describes himself as a minor poet; and he is at pains to acknowledge Pound as his master in the craft of poetry. Nevertheless, he is the first poet of his generation, the profoundest influence on his successors, and the major exponent of the critical theories implicit in modern verse.

Mr. Matthiessen has made a full and thoughtful survey of Eliot's work. He conveys admirably that sense of a wide historical background which Eliot has restored to English verse, and he restates the principles of Eliot's criticism in a handy form. If he reminds us that reading about poetry is inferior to reading the poetry itself, that is almost a virtue in a scrupulous critic. Mr. Matthiessen continually sends his readers back to the poems, and I recommend his study to those who are helped by a guide when reading modern verse. As an introduction, and as a commentary, his is a very able piece of work. A. DESMOND HAWKINS

SHORTER NOTICES

Picture Him Dead. By FRANK A. CLEMENT. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Why was Lance Knutley, a K.C. distinguished as much for his devastating irony as for his legal acumen, found drowned in the shallow fountain in the court of the Middle Temple early one morning? If this were a detective story we might dally with the problem and lazily look up the answer at the end. But Mr. Clement allows no such short cuts in his conundrum. He insists on a constructive, not a merely receptive attitude in his readers. The answer will never be found explicit in the pages of the book, but only in a glow of interior satisfaction such as each individual feels at attaining comprehension of a work of art. The problem to be faced is one of complex psychology. The K.C.'s life had been threaded with professional and private animosities, but none so accentuated as to appear to endanger his life. Yet somewhere in that jumble of jealousy and dislike a patient and discerning eye will evolve the fatal pattern of a murderer. After the endless tricks and double-crossing of detective writers it is the greatest satisfaction to find in Mr. Clement an author with the really original idea of testing rather than teasing our intelligence.

Pilsudski, Marshal of Poland. By ERIC J. PATTERSON. *Arrowsmith.* 5s.

Mr. Patterson has sketched quite a competent portrait of the Marshal. His subject, however, is on far too great a scale for its treatment. For Pilsudski was no demagogue, nor sword-rattler, nor hysteric; he was rather something of an heroic figure on the grand scale who is perhaps better appreciated through Mr. Gillie's translation of his Memoirs than through uncritical eulogies.

Pilsudski was one of those men who lived to see the triumph of what the world had regarded as a fantastic ideal. Yet the Marshal's history is fundamentally tragic. It is easy to see how the history of Poland has created a fanatical hatred of Russia among Poles; it is easy to understand how the terror of faction must obsess any Polish patriot. Thus history readily accounts for the strange position in Poland under Pilsudski, but few will believe that the old Left Wing Socialist was content to have established reactionary officer rule with little regard for the will of the people. Since Pilsudski's death the new constitution introduced by his heirs has further narrowed the basis of government, and it is increasingly clear that the regime is supported by a diminishing minority; the Marshal must have foreseen something of the kind. Mr. Patterson describes Pilsudski as a Federalist who desired autonomy for Ukrainians and Lithuanians. Although, as Mr. Patterson reminds us, Poland had supplied the culture and Lithuania the leaders in the days of their union, Pilsudski, himself a Lithuanian by birth, prolonged an unnecessary rift between the two countries through the seizure of Vilna. The tragedy of Pilsudski has yet to be fully appreciated in English.

An Atlas of European History. By J. F. HORRABIN. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

Mr. Horrabin's genius for making clear, essential maps that illuminate a phase of history in a lightning flash is seen to particularly good advantage in this book. The decisive periods of European history, from the second down to the twentieth century, are laid before the reader in a series of twenty-eight maps, each with its accompanying page of text. Mr. Horrabin says just enough to give us the essentials of the story and no more, without forgetting economics as the determining factor. After tracing the development of Europe from Roman unity through all its phases of feudal and nationalist disintegration, a further series of fifty maps is devoted to the history of each individual country. This is a book that is plainly indispensable to everyone who wants to be quite sure how modern Europe has come to be what it is.

The Lion and the Unicorn. What England has Meant to Scotland. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Routledge.* 5s.

Two strains of thought unite to breed this alive, muscular, fertile work. The lesser, the native desire of a Scotsman for responsibility for his own nation, serves to provide an example for the greater, and political philosophy. Mr. Linklater holds that "the individual is all-important, and the function of the State is to safeguard his security, to provide humus for his growth and to penalise abuse of the liberty it has established": that the life of the individual is incomplete without conscious reasoning citizenship: that, in the life of the community, size increases standardisation and diminishes both efficiency and imaginative responsibility: and that a State of 50,000,000 subjects becomes (worse than a Leviathan), a Brontosaurus whose necessarily small Parliamentary brain "fails to keep pace with the growth of its body." He argues therefore that it should be resolved into its component parts: and meets the economic argument by one more deeply essential. "You may preach for ever about the industrial inefficiency of small units: efficiency has no meaning unless it means the effective promotion of human happiness," a statement which might well be illustrated by a comparison between the German principalities of a hundred years ago, small, diverse, leisured, casual and civilised, and the Germany of to-day, consolidated in industrial efficiency by emotional barbarism. The book also contains a lucid but massed sketch of the historical relations between England and Scotland, and a number of rich, brilliant digressions upon landscape, upon whisky and upon language and "speech . . . so delicately and almost transparently alive that it cannot be artificially preserved."

Economic and Social Aspects of Crime in India. By BEJOY SHANKAR HAIKERWAL. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s.

Mr. Haikerwal, Superintendent of a Reformatory in the Punjab, presents an Indian social problem that has received little attention. While the technique is different the amount of crime in India is as formidable as anywhere else. This is not surprising when we learn that there are some four million in India belonging to the so-called criminal tribes. These "criminals" form a caste of their own with criminal codes that are strictly adhered to. True, the Thugs have been stamped out, but the customs and traditions that existed among them have survived. There is still a formidable army of dacoits, garrotters, and snatchers of ear-rings from the ear-lobes of women, not to speak of a

Sir Halley Stewart Trust Lectures, 1935

SIX FREE LECTURES
on
Scientific Progress
At the
MEMORIAL HALL
FARRINGDON STREET, E.C. (Ludgate Circus)

Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6 p.m.

Oct. 22 **SIR JAMES J ANS,** D.Sc., F.R.S.
Oct. 24 **SIR WILLIAM BRAGG,** O.M., F.R.S.
Oct. 29 **PROF. E. V. APPLETON,** D.Sc., F.R.S.
Oct. 31 **PROF. E. MELLANBY,** M.D., F.R.S.
Nov. 5 **PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE,** F.R.S.
Nov. 7 **PROF. JULIAN HUXLEY,** M.A.

ADMISSION FREE

For Free Reserved Seat Tickets apply to
THE SECRETARY,
SIR HALLEY STEWART TRUST, 32 GORDON SQUARE, W.C.1
Phone: MUSEUM 2271

J. & E. BUMPUS Ltd.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
477 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
The new shop is on the left going towards Marble Arch, between North Audley St. and Park St.
Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

The best of contemporary literature: novels, poetry, plays and essays, and the best books on every subject (such as history, biography, philosophy and science) can be seen at Bumpus. Books in French, German, Spanish and Italian are in the Foreign Department.

BOOKS IN BRIEF *page after page of temptation, a feast for intelligence, in the 1935 "Meeting Books on New Terms," book guide. Cheap books of fact, of fiction: by Lenin, Major Douglas, Lloyd George, by Galsworthy, Shaw, Sabatini, ETC., etc., etc. It also shows how books are financially get-at-able. A copy for a postcard, or your name in this margin, from The PHOENIX (NS) 66 Chandos St. Charing Cross W.C.2.*

PHILOSOPHY
CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER
Annual Meeting of the Institute. Addresses by The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel and Professor H. F. Hallett.
FREEDOM IN THE PRESENT-DAY WORLD — PROFESSOR R. F. A. HOERNLÉ
SCIENCE AND THE EXPLANATION OF PHENOMENA — PROFESSOR W. T. STACE
GREAT THINKERS: (VI) DESCARTES — PROFESSOR A. BOYCE GIBSON
MORALITY AND THE RETRIBUTIVE EMOTIONS — PHILIP LEON, M.A.
THE PHYSICAL WORLD AND REALITY — J. GOMBORROW, B.Sc.
TRUTH IN POETRY — M. BODKIN
Philosophical Survey. New Books. Institute Notes.
Price 3s. 6d. net. *Annual Subscription 14s. net post free.*
MACMILLAN & CO. LTD. LONDON W.C.2

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs
One Year, post free - - - - 30s. 0d.
Six months ,, ,, - - - - 15s. 0d.
Three ,, ,, ,, - - - - 7s. 6d.
All communications relating to the above should be addressed to
The Manager
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
Autumn Books Number
NEXT WEEK
October 12th

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.). With dinner 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

THERE is a nip in the air which makes for ideal walking conditions. Then come back to a blazing fire and a very snug bed at THORSHILL HOTEL, HINDHEAD, Surrey. 'Phone: 545.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars. LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

RIVIERA.—Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, facing full south in own grounds direct on sea. Large roof terrace with magnificent views. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension from 30 frs. Special terms by arrangement.

CAPEL CURIG, Towers Guest House, grounds 70 acres. Conducted excursions (optional), evening entertainments, liberal table, hard tennis court, free trout fishing. Terms, 55s. Open all the year. Prog. Free. Tel. 26. N. S. KERR.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL, West Harnham. SALISBURY
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

WINCHELSEA. Molly and Anthony Thomas have enlarged Petronilla's. H. & C. water and electric fires in bedrooms. Faces due south. Telephone: Winchelsea 24.

LITTLE Picket, Linkside, Hindhead. Small Guest House. Charming, warm and very comfortable. Telephone: 262.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Beautifully situated. Special autumn and winter terms. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

IBIZA (Baleares) Hotel-Pension in this charming old Mediterranean town. Electric light. Running water in bedrooms. Bath, Tea-room, Bar. Excellent international cuisine. Roof-terrace with magnificent view. Ideal for winter. 10 pesetas per day. FRAU SCHNEIDER-KAINER, "Ca Vostra," Calle San Luis, Ibiza.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

NOT IN RUSSIA, BUT HERE.
IF WELWYN were in Russia, hundreds of highbrows would visit it and give lectures on it as an astonishing example of thoroughgoing and successful planning. Actually it is 30 minutes from King's Cross and therefore only of interest to exceptionally discerning people. It has 40 industries, and in spite of, or because of, this is residentially a most lively place besides being more beautiful and more healthy than a London suburb. House can be rented (£55 to £120 p.a.), purchased (£350–£2,300), or built to order (lovely wooded sites available). A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

STANMORE
A Delightful Place to Live
Only 10 miles from London—yet 500 feet above sea level. A charming estate surrounded by trees. Grand views. Gravel soil. Each house built has been designed by eminent architects. A number of plots still for sale at prices from £250 Freehold. Apply LAWES & SON LTD., Upcroft Avenue, Edgware.

LEATHERHEAD. Long let. Well furnished cottage. Eight rooms and bathroom, kitchen, scullery; all modern conveniences. Spacious barn and additional offices. Garage, wall garden. 'Phone: Lea, 426 for appointment to view. £3 3s. week; might let unfurnished.

A LARGE Sunny Garden Room with kitchen and box cupboard, from 25s.; also a double room, furnished. 22 Belsize Avenue.

BACHELORS' Furnished or Unfurnished Suites or Rooms to Let, S.W.7, district. Service, breakfast, dinners optional, moderate. Telephone 9 till 2, Western 6628. Box 813, HARRODS ADVERTISING AGENCY, S.W.1.

TO let, furnished, attractive, convenient, semi-detached cottage, New Forest, 8 miles Salisbury, 15s. a week, 3 rooms, e.l., bath, etc., beautiful neighbourhood. Suit writer. MRS. NASH, Woodgreen, via Fordingbridge, Hants.

FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

WOMAN Doctor wishes two people to share unfurnished flat with her. Weekly rent for each, 17s. Penny ride Westminster Underground. Box 914, N.S. & N., 10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAM. 5631, Parliament Hill, 1st fl. charming room, furnd. or unfurnd., w. balcony, lovely view, sep. entrance, in professional woman's artistic flat. Nr. Tube, etc.

YOUNG VIENNESE Lady, grad. German teacher, requires urgently bed-sitting-room or share flat. Good Bloomsbury district. Mod. terms. Some service. Tel.: CEN. 2997.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

ELECTION Agent (ex-Liberal), cultured, able writer and speaker, and with a "flair" for electoral victories, seeks post with Labour organisation. Box 903, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED, A JOB as Secretary or Organiser by a woman of 35—political, journalistic and research experience—shorthand, typing, statistics, French, some German and Italian—willing to live in or to travel. Salary £300–£400. Box 913, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GERMAN WOMAN JOURNALIST, 8 years with *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin—writing film criticisms, woman's life, woman's studies, education of children, and reports of all sorts—seeks occupation. Speaks and writes German, English, French, Italian. Box 912, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN Secretary (37) 8 years' commercial, 10 years' varied literary experience, seeks post. Expert stenographer. Correspondence. Proof-reading, criticism, etc. Box 911, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WIDOW, 45, desires post as Housekeeper-Secretary-Companion, in or near London; daily or resident, where daughter, 14, not objected to during school holidays. Excellent references. Present post 18 months. Box 910. N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BRADFORD-LEEDS District. Young woman graduate (Camb.) exper. research, business seeks part- or whole-time post. Can type, drive, write, organise, coach. Apply Box 907, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING
REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., 6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4.)

MSS. promptly and intelligently typed by expert. "Rush" orders receive immediate attention. LEIGH, 138 Chapel Way, Epsom.

host of others who practise petty crimes as their life-long profession. The ranks of these professional criminals are being swelled yearly by those thousands of peasants whom drought and famine drive from their villages to the cities where they exist in conditions unparalleled anywhere except perhaps in China. In Bombay and Cawnpore, Mr. Haikerwal points out, 60 per cent. of the population live in one-room tenements. The author seems to regard London's six per cent. of tenement dwellers with envy. While the raising of the economic level is one means of reclaiming these amateur criminals, the criminal tribes themselves can be civilised by being drafted to agricultural work. The Canadian Mission, the Salvation Army, and one or two Hindu and Moslem social reform movements are doing praiseworthy pioneer work in this direction. Mr. Haikerwal examines all the evidence thoroughly and makes a number of suggestions, for example that the Indian Universities should make practical investigation of crime a part of their courses in economic studies, and that for those already marked as criminals there should be a more widespread Borstal system and that there should be legislation for the probational release of good-conduct prisoners.

Week-end Competitions

No. 290

Set by Allan M. Laing

The writer who wishes to break fresh ground in the crowded field of detective fiction is always well advised to think up two surprises, if he can: a new type of detective and an original sort of crime. I invite readers this week to assist him. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be awarded for the best entries consisting of a pen portrait of a really novel and interesting detective hero and an account of the ingeniously surprising crime he is to solve. Not more than 300 words should be used for the double description, which may take any literary form the competitor pleases.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 11th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

NEITHER WARS nor the world crises of the past twenty-one years have impeded the steady growth of British Insurance and the capital appreciation of British Insurance shares. The *Economist* Index shows that an investment of £1,000 in 1913, spread over the ordinary shares of twenty-four leading Insurance companies, would have appreciated by 29th March, 1935, to £4,228. In addition it would have produced regular and increasing dividends.

The average return to the investor in dividends and capital appreciation over the last ten years on the shares of the companies included in the Trust of Insurance Shares is equivalent to a yield of over *11% per annum, free of income tax.*

TRUST of INSURANCE SHARES

An investment, free of all liability in respect of uncalled capital, in thirty-one British Insurance companies. Insurance Units may be bought and sold through any Bank or Stockbroker. Current price (26th Sept., 1935) 21/6.

TRUSTEES:
WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LIMITED
MANAGERS:
TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED
29 & 30 CORNHILL · LONDON · E.C.3. *Mansion Hse. 3326.*
Apply to the General Manager for Handbook.

McN 561

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 288

Set by Hubert D. Waley

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best set of four verses, each not more than four lines long, suitable for affixing to the cages of various animals at the Zoo.

Report by Hubert D. Waley

This competition attracted more than fifty entries. Clearly the Muses would have had their work cut out to supply so many entrants with four good ideas each together with the necessary complement of verbal and metrical felicity. Those who reached a high level in one verse tended to display by their low level in the other three verses the notorious capriciousness of poetical inspiration. Rather pedagogically I decided to mark each verse up to a maximum of ten and allot the prize to the highest total. This scale somewhat penalised erratic brilliance. If I could have persuaded myself that the best poems were, say, a hundred times better than the worst, the results would have been different. One or other of the following isolated successes might then have scored enough to outweigh their accompaniment of rather uninspired verses:—

REPTILES

Hobnails, Wellingtons, come in!
Barred be the door to python skin!
Brogues and pumps a blessing take:
Pinched be the feet that walk in snake!

THE GOLDFISH

The goldfish spends her life in swimming,
Rather a bore—but awfully slimming.

THE TIGRESS

This Tigress has a sulky air
Because she does not think it fair
The Lion should have the Lion's share.

THE EMU

You'll see the common birds on every hand.
I'm only found in cross-words and New Zealand.

THE CROCODILE

Behold the aged Crocodile,
With silent, philosophic smile.
He dreams of visitors' adventures
By chance acquaintance with his dentures.

THE JAGUAR

If you want to see a Jaguar
—and you really shouldn't miss one—
You may go to Nicaragua,
Or come and look at this one.

THE IGUANA

This creature, the modest and shy Iguana,
Is found in the forests of British Guiana.
Any food except diptera sticks in his gizzard
For he is a thick-tongued arboreal lizard.

As things were, however, consistency scored, and the first prize goes to H. C. M. and the second to "Psittacus," who is requested to write and claim his prize.

FIRST PRIZE

1. HIPPOPOTAMUS

Grammarians say "The thing that bothers us is
Not what to feed this beast upon, or why,
But is its plural hippopotamuses,
Or, more correctly, hippopotami?"

2. GIRAFFE

The Giraffe makes you laugh with its neck and a half,
But your brain simply shrinks with dismay when it thinks
Of the size and the number of beautiful drinks
That are needed to lubricate such a larynx.

3. COBRA

In Crowborough a Cobra is certainly rare,
But in India, men tell us, they're everywhere.
In the hedge, in the roof, the verandah, the path,
Coiled up in your bed, or asleep in your bath.

4. LION

Why does the Lion look so forlorn?
Because we haven't an Unicorn.
He took it for granted, when brought to the Zoo,
He'd certainly find there an Unicorn too.

H. C. M.

SECOND PRIZE

BABOON

Although so pensively he sighs,
A whole world's heartache in his eyes,
No future cares oppress his mind
But horror at what lies behind.

GIRAFFE

He reaches heights we can't attain.
But what of this? His only gain
Is that a better view he catches
Of hats and partings and bald patches.

WART HOG

Think not the warts upon his face
Are signs of evil or disgrace;
Sweet kindliness his essence is
In spite of these excrescences.

PENGUINS

Like aldermen in evening dress
They march in solemn stateliness;
But throw a fish—and off they rip
Like waiters when they scent a tip.

PSITTACUS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 145.—THE FORGETFUL SAVERS

By A. G. STRIPP

The other day I was talking to the Honorary Secretary of the local branch of the National Savings Association, which meets regularly every calendar month.

"Ah," he said, "here's a little problem for you.

"In January of last year two members of this branch of the N.S.A. began buying Savings Stamps. They both continued to do so during the year, though not (I regret to say) at regular monthly intervals. Sometimes the one would forget, and sometimes the other. In those months when the one did remember, however, he always bought the same number of stamps; and this was true of the other also.

"Well, at the end of the year I noticed a curious thing. I had made a note of the total number of stamps which these two members together had purchased up to the end of each of the successful months; and I found that if I multiplied each of these totals by a certain single figure I always obtained three-figured numbers whose second and third digits were alike and the sum of whose digits was divisible by that single figure. Associated with this particular figure there are, as it happens, just enough of these numbers for this to be possible.

"Now, as you know, each Stamp purchased represents sixpence saved; and you ought to be able to find out, from what I've told you, not only the total amount each of these two members saved during the year, but also which were the actual months in which the memory of each failed him."

What are the answers to the Secretary's questions?

PROBLEM 143.—TEDDY BEARS

This problem, drafted "in Committee," was several times re-shaped, and in the upshot the clue necessary to a unique solution was omitted. Miss Fogg omitted to mention that what was left of her pound amounted to "half a crown or so" (actually to half a crown exactly) and, in so doing "fogged" the issue.

With this proviso omitted, these solutions satisfy:

	Number of Children.	Amount Spent by Each.	Total Spent.	Number of Articles Bought by each Child.
(1)	11	1s. 5d.	15s. 7d.	4
(2)	7	1s. 8d.	11s. 8d.	5
(3)	10	1s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	5
(4)	7	2s. 2d.	15s. 2d.	6
(5)	6	2s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	7

Points will be awarded for any of these solutions, with special commendation (but, in fairness to the others, no extra points) to those who have solved the problem completely.

PROBLEM 142.—SANS PUTT AT SANS APPROACH

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to R. C. Battams, 8, Chesterfield Road, Chiswick, W.4.

Eight points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

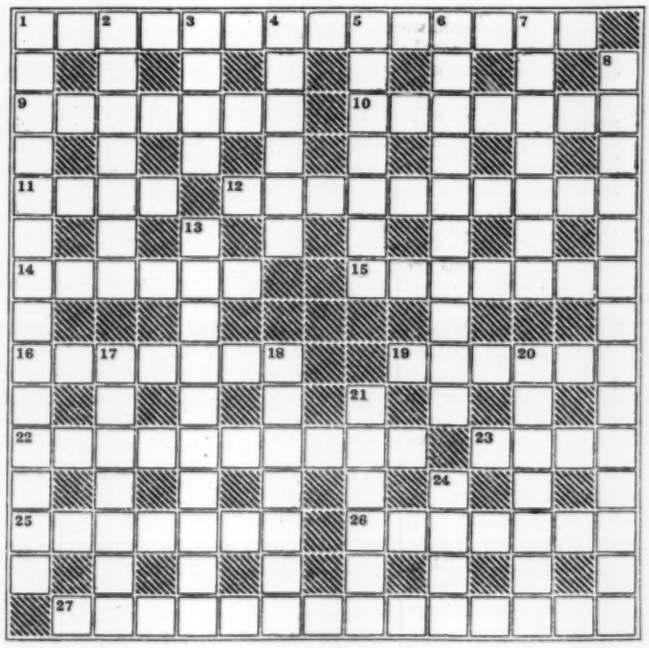
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 291

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Hellewell, Oakfield, Lightcliffe, Yorkshire

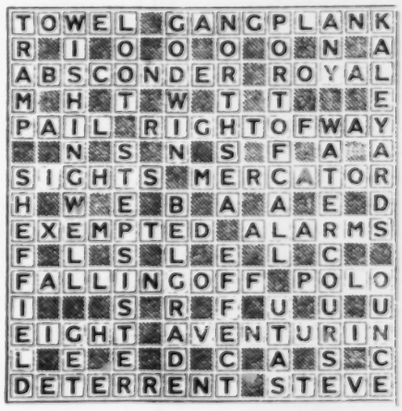
ACROSS

1. Stale stable stories?
9. Entomological earthwork.
10. How French a remark.
11. The sort of foreign bear the Italians wish to make Abyssinia.
12. In Stuart times they wanted to know the reason why.
14. He met his match at Stamford Bridge.
15. A bird on the beach in Wales.
16. Completely bars.
19. Perhaps she did.
22. Variegate like a rifle match.
23. In the strictest Yeoman style.
25. When the new Countess would expect her husband to arrive?
26. He applauds by ringing the bell presumably.
27. The future announcer.

DOWN

1. Source of rowing men?
2. Frequently happily wished for.
3. This will go up longer than its doer.
4. What unskilful riders do to keep their seats.
5. Minute parts.
6. Art of coining.
7. Mother's gone for a flask.
8. The first legionary to land in Britain.
13. Dig it on the heath.
17. He provides food, not 21.
18. Playfully played.
20. Motor mechanic's description of a warm place.
21. This animal appears to be addressed to the Master of Ceremonies somewhere.
24. Secular arrangement of 100,000 round me.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD


TOWEL GANG PLANK
RIO O O O N A
ABSCONDER ROYAL
MH T W T T E
PAIL RIGHT OF WAY
N S N S F A A
SIGHTS MERCATOR
HWE B A A E D
EXEMPTED ALARMS
F L S L E L C
FALLING OFF POLO
I S R F U U U
EIGHT AVENTURIN
L E E D C A S C
DETERRENT STEVE

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

OUR ENLIGHTENED CHANCELLOR—STABILISATION AND A DEFENCE LOAN—WALL STREET AND PREFERRED SHARES—BROWN AND SMITH

WHEN all enlightened people, in this hour of crisis, are praying that the League of Nations will not forfeit world respect, it is to be regretted that the Technical Commission of the League Assembly should have brought the stabilisation of currencies to the forefront of its pious economic resolution on the removal of trade barriers. And that the prime mover in this comedy should be the British delegate, Dr. Burgin, is deplorable. However, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, at the bankers' feast in the City this week, poured plenty of cold water on the monetary enthusiasm of his Board of Trade colleague. Mr. Chamberlain might even have been reading Toreador or Major Angas: he could not have been more anti-gold. He has at last discovered the truth of the gold standard. To use his words: "If this country were to go back to a gold standard it would mean that we should no longer be free to adapt our policy in regard to price levels and cheap money to our own domestic requirements. We should have to adjust it according to conditions overseas over which we had no control, and at a time when international affairs are unsettled and when large movements of capital, quite sufficient to upset any newly-established equilibrium, are by no means beyond the bounds of probability. Nor must we forget that in this matter we have not only our own interests to think of. A renewed fall in prices would be even more disastrous to the Dominions and to the Colonies than to ourselves." Here are the practical objections to a return to the gold standard actually being argued by our conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Chamberlain's mind may move slowly; but it moves. He has already adopted cheap money and sound public works; he is now in process of accepting the theory of a paper monetary standard. The chances of an eventual return to the gold standard are perceptibly growing less as the world becomes more unstable and our Chancellor of the Exchequer more revolutionary.

* * *

The rest of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was somewhat depressing for the gilt-edged market—and for the joint stock banks and insurance companies which are now threatened with a sizeable year-end depreciation on their investments. Mr. Chamberlain pointed to the advance of £10,000,000 in expenditure over the estimates and to the necessity of spending more on armaments. On the question whether the rearmament should be financed by loan or taxation, he said nothing. Nor could he say anything. Until it is known whether the League of Nations is to work a collective system of security, the urgency and amount of the rearmament expenditure cannot be determined. If, on the grounds of urgency, money has to be spent in a few years on warships and airplanes which would normally be spread over a period of say, ten years, there is a case for a short-dated "defence" loan with a heavy sinking fund. All this talk of insecurity adds point to my argument last week—that without any change in the basic conditions in the money market an additional risk premium of ¼ per cent. is being demanded by long-term investors. An indignant friend in the money market asks me how I dare to suggest that the long-term rate of interest can rise when short-term money is as plentiful as ever. I see nothing incongruous in an immediate rise in the long-term rate, on account of increasing (political) risks, and a temporary fall in the short-term rate on account of the technical conditions of the London money market.

* * *

Wall Street is looking tired and reactionary. For the moment all the favourable factors of the trade recovery seem to have been discounted. In fact, the favourable news is becoming stale news. Everyone knows that the motor industry is budgeting for over 4,000,000 cars in 1936, against 3,500,000 cars in 1935, that in the first eight months of 1935 Ford's output was up 52.8 per cent., and Chrysler's up 22.3 per cent., and that the output of the steel industry is bound to be maintained at a profitable level if the motor industry flourishes. Looking back to the first six months of 1935, earnings of the motor accessory companies increased by 53.8 per cent., sales of the farm implement companies by 75 per cent., and earnings of 16 companies in the building material trades by 135 per cent. In the retail trades the news has been correspondingly good. The figures of July sales of the department stores throughout the country were up 14 per cent. in dollar totals, and those of the chain stores were up 9 per cent. In August Montgomery Ward sales increased by 20.9 per cent. and Sears Roebuck by 37.6 per cent. over August 1934. Cigarette consumption in July was 15.7 per cent. above that of July 1934, and the reduction in processing taxes will increase company profits. Cinema theatres have enjoyed the best season since 1930, and in the first eight months of 1935 their takings increased by 15 per cent. There is, therefore, no particular reason for a reaction in New York except staleness of the good news and nervousness over the European situation. The 1929 slump was ushered in by selling from Europe and American operators seem to be afraid of some similar catastrophe to-day. They need not worry. If New York has a severe reaction a great deal of money will flow from British stocks into American.

* * *

As the immediate outlook for American common stocks appears uncertain the British investor should consider industrial preferred shares with arrears of dividend in cases where recovery has been established. The following are still attractive:—

	Call Price	Arrears as at 1st Oct. 1935	About Price	1935 Price Range	Earned per share. 1934	1935
Wheeling Steel 6% Preferred	100	22.50	83	84½—46½	1.26	4.21 (6 mths.)
Spang Chalfant 6% Preferred	110	17.00	88	94—59½	6.32	1.01 (3 mths.)
Radio Corpn. $5 "B" Preferred	100	20.00	71	71—35¼	3.28	1.85 (6 mths.)
American Chain 7% Preferred	110	24.50	106	107—38	5.16	5.87 (6 mths.)
Associated Dry Goods $6 1st Prefd.	n.c.	10.50	106	106—80½	6.98	$10 est.
Associated Dry Goods 7% 2nd Prefd.	n.c.	22.75	88	90—48	2.31	—

All these shares are now in receipt of dividends, either current or on account of arrears, with the exception of Radio Corporation, whose earnings are now reported to be covering the full dividend rate on the B preferred. Wheeling Steel and Spang Chalfant have already been mentioned in these columns, and I have no hesitation in recommending American Chain and Associated Dry Goods preferred as attractive speculative "recovery" shares.

* * *

An indirect but promising investment in the motor and aircraft industries can be obtained by buying the shares of Brown Brothers and S. Smith and Sons.

	Present Price	Last Financial Year Earned %	Paid %	Yield % Earnings	Dividend
Brown Brothers £1 Ordinary	53/-	21.2	10	£8 0 0	£3 16 0
S. Smith and Sons 7% Participating Preferred Ordinary £1..	72/6	24.5	14	£6 15 3	£3 17 3 on 17½% est. div.

I have previously mentioned S. Smith and Sons, who manufacture the "dashboard" instruments for both motor cars and airplanes and, as a side-line, electric clocks. Brown Brothers have a well-established business, supplying spare parts to manufacturers as well as distributors in the motor car, cycle and aircraft trades. Even in the years of depression this company's profits declined only by about 12 per cent., and last year they recovered to a new high record, earnings amounting to 21.2 per cent. on the ordinary share capital. Dividends of 10 per cent. have been maintained since 1926 without interruption. The company is not without a recovery "prospect," for it recently purchased and equipped a large factory for the manufacture of spare parts for the aircraft industry. The airplane manufacturers are so inundated with orders that they must be depending to an increasing extent upon firms such as Brown Brothers for the manufacture of spare parts. The only criticism I can make of Brown Brothers is that their earnings have not increased proportionately to the increase in net working capital resulting from the ploughing back of profits. During the past ten years £240,000 has been put to reserve—more than 60 per cent. of the ordinary share capital outstanding at the end of 1934. These reserves have been invested in new depots and stocks throughout the country. However, if the company is working on a smaller margin of profit, it will probably be consolidating its position in the trade. On the whole Brown and Smith make an attractive investment pair.

* * *

Although Mussolini has, in effect, declared that he will not go to war against Great Britain if economic sanctions only are applied, and although economic sanctions are the utmost the League dare apply, the tension in the stock markets will certainly remain for the time being. The terrible probability is the vast sum which we are going to spend on armaments in the next few years. This will shape the investment policy of many people. Investors—prepare your lists of "equities in death"!

Company Meeting

GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

OUTSTANDING PRODUCTIONS

The eighth annual general meeting of Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, Ltd., was held on September 27th in London.

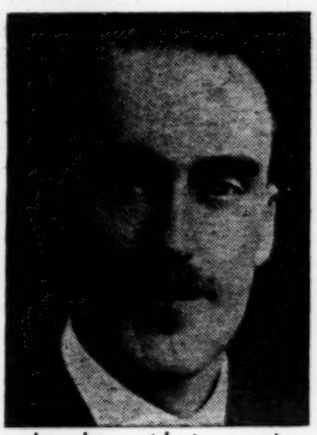
Mr. Mark Ostrer (chairman and managing director) said that the total net profit for the year was £28,268 higher at £720,483. The directors recommended a final dividend of 4 per cent. on the two classes of ordinary shares, making, with the interim payment, a total of 7 per cent. for the year. The improved result of the year's activities had borne out his forecast at the previous meeting. That the popularity of their news reel, "The Gaumont-British News," was on the upward grade, was borne out by the fact that it was supplied twice weekly to 1,500 theatres.

Their studio at Shepherd's Bush had been responsible for the creation of some really outstanding British pictures, among them "The Thirty-Nine Steps," which was now completing the truly remarkable run of five continuous months' record business in the West End of London.

With regard to the Corporation's activities abroad, they entered the American field at the beginning of this year's selling season fully organised and equipped with products calculated to make a successful appeal to the American public, and through their New York headquarters they were now selling a full programme of their pictures, known across the Atlantic as "The Sixteen Star-Spangled Specials." The company's business throughout the other parts of the world had been expanding in a most satisfactory manner, and there was every indication that that expansion would continue.

Publicity has of late been given to the relations existing between film studios and their employees. The view of the Corporation had always been that no organisation of that size and importance could function smoothly and prosperously unless conditions of harmony existed between itself and its workers, and he was happy to state, that such relations in the Corporation were on a most satisfactory and happy basis. The success of the business of their Corporation depended entirely upon the popular regard of the public they served, and that regard, once obtained, could only be retained by maintaining consistently throughout the year, and from year to year, entertainment of a first-class quality.

After the directors had been congratulated on their foresight in taking an interest in Baird Television, the report and accounts were adopted.



IAN HAY

Major Ian Hay Beith, The Celebrated Author, writes:

"The greatest enemy to human life is Cancer. He is a particularly invulnerable enemy, because though we are learning to repel his onslaughts with increasing success each year, his base of operations is still a scientific mystery; and, therefore, we require two armies to fight him. The one is called Treatment, and the other Research—and one day Research is going to destroy the enemy altogether. Will you, therefore, see to it that neither our Defence Force nor our Expeditionary Force ever lacks the sinews of war—the greatest War in which humanity has ever fought?"

Will you please send a special gift to the Earl of Granard,

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD - LONDON, S.W.3

INTRODUCING

THE NEW PROFIT-SHARING

FIXED TRUST INVESTMENT

SECURE — KEYSTONE CERTIFICATES — INVESTMENT

"KEYSTONE CERTIFICATES"

A comprehensive investment on IMPROVED FIXED TRUST PRINCIPLES embodying the following SPECIAL FEATURES:—

THE INVESTOR acquires an interest in the stocks or shares of over 50 PROSPEROUS COMPANIES.

THE INVESTOR at the present price of **18s. 7½d.** per Sub-Unit and based on last dividends, obtains a GROSS YIELD of over

5%

exclusive of non-recurring Bonuses and Rights which last year amounted to a further **£2 7s. 0d.** per cent., furthermore,

A HOLDER OF "KEYSTONE CERTIFICATES" ALSO PARTICIPATES (*pro rata* to his holding) **IN 50% OF THE PROFITS OF THE MANAGERS.**

THE INVESTOR may purchase "KEYSTONE CERTIFICATES" and PAY BY INSTALMENTS thus enabling the investor to take advantage of low prices even if immediate funds are not available.

THE MANAGERS undertake to REPURCHASE "KEYSTONE CERTIFICATES" at any time on the basis of LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES of Underlying Security.

THE MANAGERS will set aside sufficient FUNDS to ensure the full life of the TRUST.

Trustees:
MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LTD. acts as TRUSTEE for all CERTIFICATES, and is responsible for the safe keeping of all SECURITIES and for receiving and DISTRIBUTING DIVIDENDS and BONUSES.

How to Purchase and Sell Sub-Units:
Subject to a minimum of 20 Sub-Units (approximately £20) "KEYSTONE CERTIFICATES" may be purchased through any Bank Manager or Broker or direct from the Managers, whose address is given below.

How to obtain more information:
Interested members of the public should ask any Broker or Bank Manager for Booklet and Application Forms, or send a postcard or telephone direct to the

Managers:
BRITISH KEYSTONE SECURITIES TRUST LIMITED

Teleg.: "Keycerts Stock, London" — **24, THROGMORTON STREET LONDON, E.C.2** — *Telep.:* London Wall 3331 & 4959